Bt. from Mr. Brett Smith

25

THE REVENGE A TRAGEDY.

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THE REVENGE

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

Drury-Lane.

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

By *E. YOUNG*, LL. D.
Author of *Busiris* King of *Ægypt.*

Manet altâ Mente Repostum. Vir.

DUBLIN:
Printed by and for A. RHAMES, opposite the *Pied-Horse* in *Capel-Street*, MDCCXXVI.

To His GRACE the

DUKE of *WHARTON.*

MY LORD,

WERE I a Stranger to Your GRACE I ſhould not be afraid to ſollicit Your Patronage, ſince you have taken the Politer Arts into Your Protection, and They who endeavour to excel in them, are, in Effect, making their Court to You. But I can plead more than a common Title to this Honour. Your GRACE has been pleas'd to make Your ſelf Acceſſory to the following Scenes, not only by ſuggeſting the moſt beautiful Incident in them, but by making all poſſible Proviſion for the Succeſs of the Whole. Your great Delicacy of Taſte in Compoſitions of this Kind, has ſo aſſiſted this Poem; and the Indulgence of Your Nature has ſo endeavour'd to ſhorten the great Diſtance between Your GRACE and its Author, that, I have been ſcarce able to conſider You in any other Light, than as one entirely devoted to theſe Amuſements, and purſuing the ſame Studies with my ſelf.

The World, which is large in Your Praiſes of another Nature, will be ſurpriz'd to hear me ſpeak of Your GRACE, in this Manner. They talk of One abounding in all the Grace and Power of Publick Eloquence, and eminently furniſh'd with Theſe particular Talents, which qualify for ſhining in the higheſt Stations, and

 influencing

influencing the National Welfare: Of One, who made a Name in Senates in his Minority; and who now, at an Age, which in ſome well conſtituted States would exclude him their grand Council, has finiſh'd a Reputation in that of *Great-Britain*; and gained Thoſe for his greateſt Admirers, who are Themſelves moſt admir'd There: One, who through this whole memorable Seſſion, has acted in the Spirit of a *Regulus*, vigorouſly oppoſing Meaſures, in which he might have found his private Advantage, and exerting the nobleſt Indignation and Contempt for thoſe, who, like the Old *Carthaginians*, were equally famous for their Riches, and their Faith. One who, if he advances in Proportion to his firſt Degree of Glory, ſhall not thank Poſterity for ranking Him with the moſt Celebrated this Nation has produc'd, tho' His great Father be in the Number of them.

His Country may with Pleaſure reflect, that when He has any Thing of Moment in His View, there is Nothing, which can either break His Reſolution, tire His Activity, or limit His Expence. His Spirit encreaſes on Reſiſtance, and like a great Flame, it burns the ſtronger, and ſhines the brighter, in Proportion to the Violence of the Storm that offends it. In the preſent troubled State of Affairs, in which the Nation fluctuates, how has He ſtrove againſt the Power of Wind and Tyde to aſſiſt Her into Harbour; while ſome have endeavour'd to tear Her to Pieces, in order to provide for their private Safety, and ſwim aſhore on her Ruins?

Thus ſpeaks the World. I, My LORD, whoſe Knowledge of your GRACE lyes more in private Life, can tell them, in Return of One, who can animate His Country Retirement with a Kind of Pleaſures, ſometimes unknown to Perſons of Diſtinction in that Scene: Who can divide the longeſt Day into a Variety of Polite and Uſeful Studies, and appoint the great Men of Antiquity their ſtated Hours, to receive (if I may ſo ſpeak) their Audience of him: Who is an excellent Maſter of their Hiſtory in particular, and obſerving how Nature in a Courſe of Years is apt to come round again, and tread in her own Footſteps; has a Happineſs in applying

plying the Facts or Characters of Antient to Modern Times; which requires a beautiful Mixture of Learning, and Genius; and a Mind equally knowing in Books and Men: Who can carry from his Studies such a Life into Converſation, that Wine ſeems only an Interruption of Wit: Who has as many Subjects to talk of, as proper Matter on thoſe Subjects, as much Wit to adorn that Matter, and as many Languages to produce it ſo adorn'd, as any of the Age in which he lives. And yet ſo ſweet his Diſpoſition, that no one ever wiſh'd his Abilities leſs, but ſuch as flatter'd themſelves with the Hope of ſhining when near him.

But there are ſtill ſuperior Qualities, which I am oblig'd to remember, as is the Society to which I belong, and to return Him our Thanks for His late Donation to it. Which is ſo noble that it had laid us under the greateſt Obligation, though it had been from another: Though it had been from one whoſe Quality and Character would have made a far leſs Addition to it; and who had not by the moſt graceful and engaging Manner of conferring it, more than doubled its Value. As for my own particular Obligations to Him, I ſhall not endeavour to expreſs My ſelf in Words; but beg Leave to refer Him to the whole future Courſe of my Life for my Senſe of them. My preſent Fortune is His Bounty, and my Future His Care; which, I will venture to ſay, will be always remembred to His Honour, ſince He, I know, intended His Generoſity as an Encouragement to Merit, tho' (thro' his very pardonable Partiality to one who bears Him ſo ſincere a Duty and Reſpect) I happen to receive the Benefit of it.

They who are acquainted with Your GRACE, will be of Opinion, that I make Your Goodneſs but an ill Return by the Liberty I now take. But tho' it be true, that They who merit Praiſe moſt, affect it leaſt; it is alſo true, that to commend what is excellent is a Debt We owe the Publick. In Regard to which, how ill ſoever You may reliſh it, I have made no Scruple to uſe You as You deſerve: And my Comfort is, I can take Refuge in Your Lordſhip's own Example, for preferring the Publick before You.

But, if You are ſtill diſſatisfy'd, I ſhall only ſay, it is hard that Your GRACE ſhould join with Your Enemies, (who will equally diſlike it) againſt Me. For Enemies, My LORD, You have; nor am I ſorry for it. All ſhining Accompliſhments will be for ever either Lov'd, or Envy'd, and next to the Perſon who pays You his Eſteem, He bears the beſt Teſtimony to the Superiority of Your Character, who hates You for it. I give You Joy of thoſe Foes Your great Qualities have made. And I congratulate You in a particular Manner, that they are the moſt inveterate to Your GRACE, whom Your Country purſues with her greateſt Diſlike. It is no Reflection on Thoſe who wiſh You beſt, to ſay, They will hardly be able to contribute more to Your Glory.

I am,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's moſt Dutiful,

and moſt Humble Servant,

June, 27. 1722.

E. YOUNG.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

By a Friend.

OFT has the buskin'd Muſe, with Action mean,
Debas'd the Glory of the Tragic Scene:
While Puny Villains dreſt in Purple Pride,
With Crimes obſcene the Heav'n born Rage bely'd.
To her belongs to mourn the Heroe's Fate,
To trace the Errors of the Wiſe and Great;
To mark th' Exceſs of Paſſions too refin'd,
And paint the Tumults of a Godlike Mind.
Where mix'd with Rage, exalted Thoughts combine,
And darkeſt Deeds with beauteous Colours ſhine.
Such Lights and Shades in a well mingled Draught,
By curious Touch of artful Pencils wrought,
With ſoft Deceit amuſe the doubtful Eye,
Pleas'd with the Conflict of the various Dye.
Thus thro' the following Scenes with ſweet Surprize,
Virtue and Guilt in dread Confuſion riſe,
And Love, and Hate, at once, and Grief and Joy,
Pity, and Rage, their mingl'd Force employ.
Here the ſoft Virgin ſees with ſecret Shame,
Her Charms excell'd by Friendſhip's purer Flame,
Forc'd with reluctant Virtue to approve,
The generous Heroe who rejects her Love.
Behold him There with gloomy Paſſions ſtain'd,
A Wife ſuſpected, and an injur'd Friend;
Yet ſuch the Toil where Innocence is caught,
That raſh Suſpicion ſeems without a Fault.
We dread a while leſt Beauty ſhould ſucceed,
And almoſt wiſh ev'n Virtue's ſelf may bleed.
Mark well the black Revenge, the cruel Guile,
The Traytor Fiend trampling the lovely Spoil
Of Beauty, Truth, and Innocence oppreſt,
Then let the Rage of Furies Fire your Breaſt,
Yet may his mighty Wrongs, his juſt Diſdain,
His bleeding Country, his lov'd Father ſlain,
His Martial Pride your Admiration raiſe,
And crown him with involuntary Praiſe.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Don Alonzo, the *Spaniſh* General,	Mr. *Booth.*
Don Carlos, his Friend,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Don Alvarez, a Courtier,	Mr. *Thurmond.*
Don Manuel, Attendant of *Don Carlos*,	Mr. *Williams.*
Zanga, a Captive *Moor*,	Mr. *Mills.*

WOMEN.

Leonora, *Alvarez*'s Daughter,	Mrs. *Porter.*
Isabella, the *Moor*'s Miſtreſs,	Mrs. *Horton.*

SCENE. *SPAIN.*

THE

THE REVENGE

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Zanga.

ZANGA.

WHETHER first Nature, or long want of Peace
Has wrought my Mind to this, I cannot tell;
But Horrors now are not displeasing to me:
I like this Rocking of the Battlements.
Rage on, ye Winds, burst Clouds, and Waters roar!
You bear a just Resemblance to my Fortune,
And suit the gloomy Habit of my Soul.
Enter Isabella.
Who's there? My Love!
Isab. Why have you left my Bed?
Your Absence more affrights me than the Storm.

Zan.

Zan. The Dead alone in such a Night can rest,
And I indulge my Meditation here,
Woman away. I chuse to be alone.
Isab. I know you do, and therefore will not leave you;
Excuse me, *Zanga*, therefore dare not leave you.
Is this a Night for Walks of Contemplation?
Something unusual hangs upon your Heart,
And I will know it: By our Loves, I will.
To you I sacrific'd my Virgin Fame;
Ask I too much, to share in your Distress? (plung'd
Zan. In Tears? Thou Fool! then hear me, and be
In Hell's Abyss, if ever it escape thee,
To strike thee with Astonishment at once,
I hate *Alonzo*. First recover that,
And then thou shalt hear farther.
Isab. Hate *Alonzo*!
I own I thought *Alonzo* most your Friend,
And that he lost the Master in that Name.
Zan. Hear then. 'Tis twice three Years since that Great Man,
(Great let me call him; for he conquer'd Me,)
Made me the Captive of his Arm in Fight.
He slew my Father, and threw Chains o'er me,
While I with pious Rage pursu'd Revenge.
I then was young, he plac'd me near his Person,
And thought me not dishonour'd by his Service,
One Day (may that returning Day be Night,
The Stain, the Curse of each succeeding Year)
For something, or for nothing, in his Pride
He struck me. While I tell it, do I live?
He smote me on the Cheek——I did not stab him;
For that were poor Revenge——E'er since, his Folly
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of Kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.
Insolent Thought! and like a second Blow!
Affronts are innocent, where Men are worthless;
And such alone can wisely drop Revenge.
Isab. But with more Temper, *Zanga*, tell your Story;
To see your strong Emotions startles me.
Zan. Yes, Woman with the Temper that befits it.

Has the dark Adder Venom? So have I
When trod upon. Proud *Spaniard*, thou ſhalt feel me!
For from that Day, that Day of my Diſhonour,
I from that Day have curs'd the riſing Sun,
Which never fail'd to tell me of my Shame.
I from that Day have bleſt the coming Night,
Which promis'd to conceal it; but in vain;
The Blow return'd for ever in my Dream.
Yet on I toil'd and groan'd for an Occaſion
Of ample Vengeance; none is yet arriv'd.
Howe'er at preſent I conceive warm Hopes
Of what may wound him ſore in his Ambition,
Life of his Life, and dearer than his Soul.
By nightly March he purpos'd to ſurprize
The *Mooriſh* Camp; but I have taken Care
They ſhall be ready to receive his Favour.
Failing in this, a Caſt of utmoſt Moment,
Would darken all the Conqueſts he has won.

Iſab. Juſt as I enter'd an Expreſs arriv'd.

Zan. To whom?

Iſab. His Friend *Don Carlos*.

Zan. Be propitious,
O *Mahomet*, on this important Hour,
And give at length my famiſh'd Soul Revenge!
What is Revenge, but Courage to call in
Our Honour's Debts, and Wiſdom to convert
Other's Self-love, that common Source of Ill,
Into our own Protection! Morning dawns,
I'll ſeek *Don Carlos*, and enquire my Fate. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Manuel *and* Don Carlos.

Man. My Lord *Don Carlos*, what brings your Expreſs?

Car. *Alonzo*'s Glory, and the *Moors* Defeat.
The Field is ſtrow'd with twice ten thouſand ſlain,
Tho' he ſuſpects his Meaſures were betray'd.
He'll ſoon arrive. O, how I long to embrace
The firſt of Heroes, and the beſt of Friends! ——
I lov'd fair *Leonora* long before.
The Chance of Battel gave me to the *Moors*,
From whom ſo late *Alonzo* ſet me Free;
And while I groan'd in Bondage, I deputed

This

This Great *Alonzo*, whom her Father honours,
To be my gentle Advocate in Love.
To ſtir her Heart, and fan its Fires for me,
Man. And what Succeſs?
Car. Alas, the Cruel Maid ——
Indeed, her Father, who tho' high at Court,
And powerful with the King has Wealth at Heart,
To heal his Deva ſtations from the *Moors*,
Knowing I'm richly freighted from the *Eaſt*,
My Fleet now ſailing in the Sight of *Spain*,
(Heav'n guard it ſafe thro' ſuch a dreadful Storm)
Careſſes me, and urges her to Wed.
Man. Her aged Father
Leads her this Way.
Car. She looks like radiant Truth
Brought forward by the Hand of hoary Time ——
You to the Port with Speed, 'tis poſſible
Some Veſſel is arriv'd, Heav'n grant it bring
Tydings, which *Carlos* may receive with Joy.

Enter Alvarez *and* Leonora.

Alv. Don Carlos, I am labouring in your Favour
With all a Parent's ſoft Authority,
And earneſt Counſel.
Car. Angels ſecond you;
For all my Bliſs or Miſery hangs on it.
Alv. Daughter, the Happineſs of Life depends
On our Diſcretion, and a prudent Choice;
Look into thoſe they call Unfortunate,
And cloſer view'd, you'll find they are unwiſe:
Some Flaw in their own Conduct lies beneath,
And 'tis the Trick of Fools to ſave their Credit,
Which brought another Language into Uſe.
Don Carlos is of Antient, Noble Blood,
And then his Wealth might mend a Prince's Fortune.
For him the Sun is labouring in the Mines,
A Faithful Slave, and turning Earth to Gold.
His Keels are Freighted with that ſacred Pow'r,
By which ev'n Kings and Emperors are made.
Sir, you have my good Wiſhes, and I hope (*To Car.*
My Daughter is not indiſpos'd to hear you. (*Ex. Alv.*
Car.

Car. O *Leonora*! why art Thou in Tears?
Because I am less wretched than I was?
Before your Father gave me leave to woo you,
Hush'd was your Bosom, and your Eye serene.
Will you for ever help me to new Pains
And keep Reserve of Torment in your Hand,
To let them loose on every Dawn of Joy?
Leon. Think you my Father too indulgent to me,
That he claims no Dominion o'er my Tears?
A Daughter sure may be right dutiful,
Whose Tears alone are free from a Restraint. ——
Car. Ah my torn Heart!
Leon. Regard not me, my Lord,
I shall obey my Father.
Car. Disobey him,
Rather than come thus coldly, than come Thus
With absent Eyes, and alienated Mein,
Suff'ring Address, the Victim of my Love.
O let me be undone the common Way,
And have the common Comfort to be pity'd,
And not be ruin'd in the Mask of Bliss,
And so be envy'd, and be wretched too!
Love calls for Love. Not all the Pride of Beauty,
Those Eyes that tell us what the Sun is made of,
Those Lips, whose Touch is to be bought with Life,
Those Hills of driven Snow, which seen are felt;
All these possest, are nought, but as they are
The Proof, the Substance of an inward Passion,
And the rich Plunder of a taken Heart.
Leon. Alas! my Lord, we are too delicate;
And when we grasp the Happiness we wish'd,
We call on Wit to argue it away:
A plainer Man would not feel half your Pains;
But some have too much Wisdom to be happy.
Car. Had I known this before, it had been well:
I had not then sollicited your Father
To add to my Distress; as you behave,
Your Father's Kindness stabs me to the Heart.
Give me your Hand——Nay, give it, *Leonora*.
You give it not——nay, yet you give it not——

I ravish

I raviſh it.——

Leon. I pray, my Lord, no more, (me;

Car. Ah, why ſo ſad? You know each Sigh does ſtrike Sighs there are Tempeſts here: ——

I've heard bad Men would be unbleſt in Heav'n:
What is my Guilt, that makes me ſo with you?
Have I not languiſh'd proſtrate at thy Feet?
Have I not liv'd whole Days upon thy Sight?
Have I not ſeen thee where thou haſt not been?
And mad with the Idea, claſp'd the Wind,
And doated upon Nothing?

Leon. Court me not.
Good *Carlos*, by recounting of my Faults,
And telling how ungrateful I have been.
Alas! My Lord, if talking wou'd prevail,
I cou'd ſuggeſt much better Arguments,
Than thoſe Regards you threw away on me;
Your Valour, Honour, Wiſdom, prais'd by all.
But bid Phyſicians talk our Veins to Temper,
End with an Argument new-ſet a Pulſe;
Then, think, my Lord, of reaſoning into Love.

Car. Muſt I deſpair then? Do not ſhake me thus:
My Tempeſt beaten Heart is cold to Death.
Ah! turn, and let me warm me in thy Beauties.
Heav'ns! what a Proof I gave but two Nights paſt
Of matchleſs Love! To fling me at thy Feet,
I ſlighted Friendſhip, and I flew from Fame;
Nor heard the Summons of the next Day's Battle:
But darting headlong to thy Arms, I left
The promis'd Fight, I left *Alonzo* too
To ſtand the War, and beat a World alone. (*Trumpets.*

Leon. The Victor comes. My Lord, I muſt withdraw.
(*Exit* Leon.

Car. Sure, there's no Peril but in Love. Oh! how
My Foes wou'd boaſt to ſee me look ſo pale!

Enter Alonzo.

Car. Alonzo!

Alon. Carlos! —— I am whole again
Claſpt in thy Arms it makes my Heart entire.

Car. Whom dare I thus embrace, The Conqueror of *Africk?*

Alon.

Alon. Yes, much more, *Don Carlos*'s Friend.
The Conqueſt of the World would coſt me dear,
Should it beget one Thought of Diſtance in thee.
I riſe in Virtues to come nearer thee.
I conquer with *Don Carlos* in my Eye,
And thus I claim my Victory's Reward. [*Embracing him.*

Car. A Victory indeed! Your godlike Arm
Has made one Spot the Grave of *Africa*,
Such Numbers fell! and the Survivors fled,
As frighted Paſſengers from off the Strand,
When the tempeſtuous Sea comes roaring on them.

Alon. 'Twas *Carlos* conquer'd, 'twas his cruel Chains
Inflam'd me to a Rage unkown before,
And threw my former Actions far behind.

Car. I love fair *Leonora*, How I love her!
Yet ſtill I find (I know not how it is)
Another Heart, Another Soul for thee.
Thy Friendſhip warms, it raiſes, it tranſports
Like Muſick pure the Joy, without Allay;
Whoſe very Rapture is Tranquillity:
But Love, like Wine, gives a tumultuous Bliſs,
Heighten'd indeed beyond all Mortal Pleaſures;
But mingles Pangs and Madneſs in the Bowl.

Enter Zanga.

Zan. Manuel, my Lord, returning from the Port,
On Buſineſs, both of Moment and of Haſte,
Humbly begs leave to ſpeake in private with you.

Car. In private.— Ha! — *Alonzo*, I'll return;
No Buſineſs can detain me long from thee. [*Ex.* Car.

Zan. My Lord *Alonzo*, I obey'd your Orders.

Alon. Will the fair *Leonora* paſs this way?

Zan. She will, my Lord, and ſoon.

Alon. Come near me, *Zanga*;
For I dare open all my Heart to thee.
Never was ſuch a Day of Triumph known:
There's not a wounded Captive in my Train,
That ſlowly followed my proud Chariot Wheels,
With half a Life and Beggary, and Chains,
But is a God to me: I am moſt wretched.
In his Captivity thou know'ſt *Don Carlos*,

My

My Friend (and never was a Friend more dear)
Deputed me his Advocate in Love,
To talk to *Leonora*'s Heart and make
A tender Party in her Thoughts for him.
What did I do? I lov'd my self, Indeed.
One thing there is might lessen my Offence,
(If such Offence admits of having lessen'd)
I thought him dead; for (by what Fate I know not)
His Letters never reach'd me.

Zan. [*Aside*] Thanks to *Zonga*.
Who thence contriv'd that Evil which has happen'd.

Alon. Yes curs'd of Heaven! I lov'd my self and now
In a late Action, rescu'd from the Moors,
I have brought home my Rival in my Friend.

Zan. We hear, my Lord, that in that Action too,
Your Interposing Arm preserv'd his Life.

Alon. It did —— with more than the Expence of Mine;
For oh! this Day is mention'd for their Nuptials.
But see, she comes, I'll take my leave, and die.

Zan. [*Aside.*] Hadst thou a thousand Lives thy Death would please me.
Unhappy Fate! my Country overcome!
My six Years Hope of Vengeance quite expir'd! ——
Would Nature were — I will not fall alone:
But other's Dreams shall tell the World my Death.

Enter Leonora.

Alon. When Nature Ends with Anguish like to this,
Sinners shall take their last leave of the Sun,
And bid his Light adieu.

Leon. The mighty Conqueror
Dismay'd? I thought you gave the Foe your Sorrows.

Alon. O cruel Insult! are those Tears your Sport,
Which nothing but a Love for you could draw?
Africk I quell'd, in hope by that to purchase
Your leave to sigh unscorn'd; but I complain not;
'Twas but a World, and you are —— *Leonora.*

Leo. That Passion which you boast of, is your Guilt,
A Treason to your Friend. You think mean of me,
To plead your Crimes as Motives of my Love.

Alon. You, Madam, ought to thank those Crimes you blame;

'Tis

'Tis they permit you to be thus inhuman,
Without the Cenſure both of Earth and Heav'n —
I fondly thought a laſt Look might be kind.
Farewel for ever. —— This ſevere Behaviour
Has, to my Comfort, made it ſweet to die.
Leon. Farewel for ever! —— Sweet to Die! ——O Heav'n! [*Aſide.*
Alonzo, Stay, you muſt not thus eſcape me;
But hear your Guilt at large.
Alon. O *Leonora*!
What could I do? In Duty to my Friend,
I ſaw you; and to ſee, is to admire.
For *Carlos* did I plead, and moſt ſincerely.
Witneſs the thouſand Agonies it coſt me.
You know I did, I ſought but your Eſteem,
If that is Guilt, an Angel had been guilty.
I often ſigh'd, nay, wept; but could not help it;
And ſure it is no Crime to be in Pain.
But grant my Crime was great, I'm greatly curs'd.
What would you more? Am I not moſt undone?
This Uſage is like ſtamping on the Murder'd,
When Life is fled. Moſt barbarous and unjuſt.
Leon. If from your Guilt none ſuffer'd but your ſelf,
It might be ſo —— Farewel. [*Going.*
Alon. Who ſuffers with me?
Leon. Enjoy your Ignorance, and let me go.
Alon. Alas! What is there I can fear to know,
Since I already know your Hate? Your Actions
Have long ſince told me that.
Leon. They flatter'd you.
Alon. How? flatter'd me!
Leon. O ſearch in Fate no farther!
I Hate thee, O *Alonzo*! How I hate thee!
Alon. Indeed? and do you weep for Hatred too?
O what a doubtful Torment heaves my Heart!
I hope it muſt —— and yet I dread it more?
Should it be ſo! Should her Tears flow from thence!
How wou'd my Soul blaze up in Exſtaſy!
Ah! no: How ſink into the Depth of Horrors?
Leon. Why would you force my Stay?

Alon.

Alon. What mean theſe Tears?
Leon. I weep by Chance; nor have my Tears a Meaning;
But Oh! when firſt I ſaw *Alonzo*'s Tears,
I knew their Meaning well.
[Alon. *falls paſſionately on his Knees, and takes her Hand.* (which
Alon. Heav'ns! what is This? That Excellence for
Deſire was planted in the Heart of Man;
Virtue's ſupreme Reward on this ſide Heav'n;
The Cordial of my Soul! —— and This Deſtroys me —
Indeed I Flatter'd me that thou didſt Hate.
Leon. *Alonzo*, pardon me the Injury
Of loving you. I ſtruggled with my Paſſion,
And ſtruggled long; let that be ſome Excuſe.
Alon. Unkind! You know I think your Love a Bleſſing
Beyond all Human Bleſſings, 'tis the Price
Of Sighs and Groans, and a whole Year of dying:
But oh the Curſe of Curſes! —— O my Friend! ——
Leon. Alas!
Alon. What ſays my Love? —— Speak, *Leonora*.
Leo. Was it for you, my Lord, to be ſo quick
In finding out Objections to our Love!
Think you ſo ſtrong my Love, or weak my Virtue,
It was unſafe to leave that Part to me?
Alon. Is not the Day then fix'd for your Eſpouſals?
Leon. Indeed, my Father once had thought that way;
But marking how the Marriage pain'd my Heart,
Long he ſtood doubtful; but at laſt reſolv'd,
Your Counſel, which determine's him in all,
Should finiſh the Debate.
Alon. O Agony!
Muſt I not only looſe her? but be made,
My ſelf the Inſtrument! Not only Die;
But plunge the Dagger in my Heart my ſelf?
This is refining on Calamity. (mine?
Leon. What! do you tremble, leſt you ſhould be
For what elſe can you tremble? not for that
My Father places in your Pow'r to alter. (Friend?
Alon. What's in my Pow'r? —— O yes, to ſtab my
Leon.

Leon. To ſtab your Friend were barbarous indeed!
Spare him —— and murder me —— I own, *Alonzo*,
You well may wonder at ſuch Words as theſe,
I ſtart at them my ſelf, they fright my Nature.
Great is my Fault; but blame not me alone,
Give him a little Blame, who took ſuch Pains
To make me Guilty.

Alon. Torment! (*After a Pauſe*, Leon *ſpeaks.*

Leon. O my Shame!
I ſue and ſue in vain; it is moſt juſt.
When Women ſue, they ſue to be deny'd.
You hate me, you deſpiſe me, you do well;
For what I've done, I hate and ſcorn my ſelf.
O Night, fall on me! I ſhall bluſh to Death.

Alon. Firſt periſh all.

Leon. Say, what have you reſolv'd?
My Father comes, what Anſwer will you give him?

Alon. What Anſwer! Let me look upon that Face,
And read it there —— Devote thee to another!
Not to be born! A ſecond Look undoes me.

Leo. And why undo you? Is it then my Lord,
So terrible to yield to your own Wiſhes,
Becauſe they happen to concur with mine?
Cruel! to take ſuch Pains to win a Heart,
Which you was conſcious you muſt break with parting.

Alon. No. *Leonora*, I am thine for ever.
[*Runs and embraces her.*
In ſpight of *Carlos* —— Ha! Who's that? My Friend?
[*Starts wide from her.*
Alas! I ſee him Pale, I hear him Groan;
He foams, he tears his Hair, he raves, he bleeds.
(I know him by my ſelf) He dies diſtracted.

Leon. How dreadful to be cut from what we love!

Alon. Ah! Speak no more.

Leon. And ty'd to what we hate!

Alon. Oh!

Leon. Is it poſſible?

Alon. Death!

Leon. Can you?

Alon. Oh ——

Yet

Yet take a Limb; but let my Virtue 'scape.
Alas! My Soul, this Moment I die for thee.
[*Breaks away.*
Leon. And are you perjur'd then for Virtue's sake?
How often have you sworn? but go for ever! (*Swoons.*
Alon. Heart of my Heart! and Essence of my Joy!
The Groans of Friendship shall be heard no more.
But whatsoever Crimes I can commit,
I've felt the Pains already.
Leon. Hold *Alonzo*,
And hear a Maid, whom doubly thou hast conquer'd.
I love thy Virtue, as I love thy Person,
And I adore thee for the Pains it gave me;
But as I felt the Pains, I'll reap the Fruit.
I'll shine out in my Turn, and shew the World
Thy great Example was not lost upon me.
Be it enough that I have once been guilty;
Let such a Pattern to perfist,
Ill fates a Person honour'd with your Love.
My other Titles to that Bliss are weak,
I must deserve it, by refusing it.
Thus then I tear me from thy Hopes for ever.
Shall I contribute to *Alonzo*'s Crimes?
No, tho' the Life-Blood gushes from my Heart.
You shall not be asham'd of *Leonora*,
Or that late Time may put our Names together.
Stay, pause, shrink; take back the bright Example
You barely blest, O take it while you may,
While I can give it you, and be Immortal. (*Exit.*
Alon. She's gone, and I shall see that Face no more;
But pine in Absence, and till Death adore.
When with cold Dew my fainting Brow is hung,
And my Eyes darken, from my speaking Tongue
Her Name will tremble in a feeble Moan,
And Love with Pain divide my dying Groan.

The End of the first ACT.

ACT II. SCENE. I.

Enter Manuel, *and* Zanga.

Zan. IF this be true, I cannot blame your Pain
For wretched *Carlos*; 'tis but human in you.
But when arriv'd your dismal News?
Man. This Hour.
Zan. What, not a Vessel sav'd!
Man. All, all the Storm
Devour'd, and now o'er his late envy'd Fortune
The Dolphins hound, and watry Mountains roar,
Triumphant in his Ruin.
Zan. Is *Alvarez*
Determin'd to deny his Daughter to him?
That Treasure was on Shore; must that too join
The common Wreck?
Man. *Alvarez* pleads indeed
That *Leonora*'s Heart is disinclin'd,
And pleads that only; so it was this Morning
When he concurr'd: The Tempest broke the Match:
And sunk his Favour, when it took the Gold.
The Love of Gold is double in his Heart,
The Vice of Age, and all Alone to him.
Zan. How does *Don Carlos* bear it?
Man. Like a Man
Whose Heart feels most a human Heart can feel,
And reasons best a human Heart can Reason.
Zan. But is he then in absolute Despair?
Man. Never to see his *Leonora* more.
And quite to quench all future Hope, *Alvarez*
Urges *Mendez* to espouse his Daughter
This very Day; for he has learnt their Love.
Zan. Ha! was not that receiv'd with Envie
By *Don Mendez*?
Man. Yes, at first; but soon
A Damp came o'er him, it would kill his Friend.

Zan.

Zan. Not if his Friend conſented; and ſince now
He can't himſelf eſpouſe her ——

Man. Yet to ask it
Has ſomething ſhocking to a generous Mind,
At leaſt *Alonzo*'s Spirit ſtartles at it,
Wide is the Diſtance between our Deſpair,
And giving up a Miſtreſs to another.
But I muſt leave you. *Carlos* wants Support
In his ſevere Affliction. [*Exit* Manuel.

Zan. Ha! it dawns! ——
It riſes to me like a new found World
To Mariners long time diſtreſs'd at Sea,
Sore from a Storm, and all their Viands ſpent; ——
Or like the Sun juſt riſing out of *Chaos*,
Some dregs of ancient Night not quite purg'd off:
But ſhall I finiſh it — Hoa! *Iſabella*!

Enter Iſabella.

I thought of dying; better Things come forward
Vengeance is ſtill alive; from her dark Cover,
With all her Snakes erect upon her Creſt,
She ſtalks in View, and fires me with her Charms.
When, *Iſabel*, arriv'd *Don Carlos* here?

Iſab. Two Nights ago.

Zan. That was the very Night
Before the Battle —— Memory, ſet down that, ——
It has the Eſſence of a Crocodile,
Tho' yet but in the Shell —— I'll give it Birth ——
What Time did he return?

Iſab. At Midnight.

Zan. So ——
Say, did he ſee that Night his Leonora?

Iſab. No, my good Lord.

Zan. No matter —— tell me, Woman,
Is not *Alonzo* rather Brave than Cautious,
Honeſt than Subtle, above Fraud himſelf,
Slow therefore to ſuſpect it in another?

Iſab. You beſt can judge; but ſo the World thinks of him.

Zan. Why, that is well — go fetch my Tablets hither.
Two Nights ago, my Father's ſacred Shade

Thrice

Thrice ſtalk'd around my Bed, and ſmil'd upon me,
He ſmil'd a Joy then little underſtood ——
It muſt be ſo — and if ſo, it is Vengeance
Worth waking of the Dead for.

Re-enter Iſabella *with the Tables*, Zanga *writes, then reads as to himſelf.*

Thus it ſtands ——
The Father's fixt —— *Don Carlos* cannot wed ——
Alonzo may — but that will hurt his Friend —
Nor can he ask his leave — or if he did,
He might not gain it — it is hard to give
Our own Conſent to Ills, tho' we muſt bear them.
Were it not then a Maſter-piece, worth all
The Wiſdom I can boaſt, firſt to perſwade
Alonzo to requeſt it of his Friend,
His Friend to grant — then from that very Grant,
The ſtrongeſt Proof of Friendſhip Man can give,
(And other Motives) to work out a Cauſe
Of Jealouſy to rack *Alonzo*'s Peace? —
I have turn'd o'er the Catalogue of Woes,
Which ſting the Heart of Man, and find none equal.
It is the *Hydra* of Calamities,
The Seven-fold Death. The Jealous are the damn'd.
O Jealouſy! Each other Paſſion's calm
To thee, thou Conflagration of the Soul!
Thou King of Torments! Thou grand Counterpoize
For all the Tranſports Beauty can inſpire!

Iſab. *Alonzo* comes this Way.

Zan. Moſt opportunely.
Withdraw — Ye ſubtle *Powers*, which reſide [*Ex. Iſa.*
In Courts, and do your Work with Bows and Smiles.
That little Engin'ry, more miſchievous
Than Fleets, and Armies, and the Cannon's Murder,
Teach me to look a Lye, give me your maze
Of gloomy Thought, and intricate Deſign
To catch the Man I hate, and then devour.

Enter Alonzo.

My Lord, I give you Joy.

Alon. Of what, good *Zanga*?

Zan. Is not the lovely *Leonora* yours?

Alon. What will become of *Carlos*?

Zan. He's your Friend;
And since he can't espouse the Fair himself,
Will take some Comfort from *Monza*'s Fortune.

Alon. Alas! Thou little know'st the Force of Love;
Love reigns a Sultan with unrival'd sway,
Puts all Relations, Friendship's self to Death,
If once he's Jealous of it. I love *Carlos*,
Yet well I know what Pangs I felt this Morning
At his intended Nuptials. For my self
I then felt Pains, which now for him I feel.

Zan. You will not wed her then?

Alon. Not instantly:
Insult his broken Heart the very Moment?

Zan. I understand you: But you'll wed hereafter,
When your Friend's gone, and his first Pain allay'd?

Alon. Am I to blame for that?

Zan. My Lord, I love
Your very Errors, they are born from Virtue.
Your Friendship (and what tender Passion claims
The Heart?) does lead you blind to your Ruin.
Consider, wherefore did *Monza* break
Don Carlos's Match, and wherefore wed *Monza*'s?
'Twas the same Cause, the Love of Wealth: To Morrow
May see *Monza* in *Don Carlos*'s Fortune;
A higher Bidder is a better Friend,
And there are Princes fight for *Leonora*.
When your Friend's gone, you'll wed; why then the
Which gives you *Leonora* now, will cease.
Carlos has left her; should you lose her too,
Why then, you heap new Torments on your Friend
By that Respect which labour'd to relieve him.

'Tis well, he is disturb'd, it makes him pause. [*Aside.*

Alon. Think'st thou my *Zanga*, should I ask *Don Carlos*,
His Goodness would consent that I should wed her?

Zan. I know it would.

Alon. But then the Cruelty
To ask it, and for me to ask it of him!

Zan. Methinks you are severe upon your Friend.
Who was it gave him Liberty and Life?

Alon.

Alon. That is the very Reason which forbids it.
Were I a Stranger, I could freely speak:
In me, it so resembles a Demand,
Exacting of a Debt, it shocks my Nature.
Zan. My Lord, you know the sad Alternative;
Is *Leonora* worth one Pang or not?
It hurts not me, my Lord, but as I love you;
Warmly as you I wish *Don Carlos* well;
But I am likewise *Don Alonzo*'s Friend:
There all the Difference lies between us two.
In me, my Lord, you hear another self,
And give me leave to add, a better too,
Clear'd from those Errors, which, tho' caus'd by Virtue
Are such as may hereafter give you Pain. ——
Don Lopez of *Castile* would not demur thus.
Alon. Perish the Name! What! Sacrifice the Fair
To Age and Illness, because set in Gold? ——
I'll to *Don Carlos*, if my Heart will let me.
I have not seen him since his sore Affliction;
But shun'd it, as too terrible to bear.
How shall I bear it now? I'm struck already. [*Ex.* Alon.
Zan. Half of my Work is done. I must secure
Don Carlos, e'er *Alonzo* speaks with him.
(*He gives a Message to a Servant, then returns.*)
Proud, hated *Spain*! Oft drench'd in *Moorish* Blood;
Dost thou not feel a deadly Foe within thee?
Shake not thy Tow'rs where e'er I pass along,
Conscious of Ruin, and their great Destroyer?
Shake to the Centre, if *Alonzo* fears.
Look down, O holy Prophet! see my Torture
This Christian Dog, this Infidel which dares
To smite thy Votaries, and spurn thy Law;
And yet hopes, Pleasure from two radiant Eyes,
Which look as they were lighted up for thee!
Shall he enjoy thy Paradise below? [Charms. ——
Blast the bold Thought, and Curse him with her
But see the melancholy Lover comes.

Enter Don Carlos.

Car. Hope, thou hast toll'd me Lies from Day to Day
For more than twenty Years; vile Promiser!

None here are happy but the very Fool,
Or very Wise; and I want Fool enough,
To smile in Vanities, and hug a Shadow;
Nor have I Wisdom to elaborate
An Artificial Happiness from Pains:
Even Joys are Pains, because they cannot last. [Sighs.
Yet much is talk'd of Bliss, it is the Art
Of such as have the World in their Possession,
To give it a good Name, that Fools may envy;
For Envy to small Minds is Flattery.
How many lift the Head, look gay, and smile
Against their Consciences? and this we know,
Yet knowing disbelieve, and try again
What we have try'd, and struggle with Conviction.
Each new Experience gives the former Credit,
And reverend Grey Threescore is but a Voucher,
That Thirty told us true.

Zan. My noble Lord!
I mourn your Fate: But are no Hopes surviving?

Car. No Hopes. *Alvarez* has a Heart of Steel:
'Tis fixt, 'tis past, 'tis absolute Despair. (dest
Zan. You wanted not to have your Heart made ten-
By your own Pains, to feel a Friend's Distress.

Car. I understand you well. *Alonzo* loves;
I pity him.

Zan. I dare be sworn you do.
Yet he has other Thoughts.

Car. What can'st thou mean?

Zan. Indeed he has, and fears to ask a Favour.
A Stranger from a Stranger might request,
What costs you Nothing, yet is All to him,
Nay what indeed will to your Glory add,
For nothing more than wishing your Friend well.

Car. I pray be plain: His Happiness is mine.

Zan. He loves to Death; but so revers his Friend,
He can't perswade his Heart to wed the Maid,
Without your Leave, and that he fears to ask,
In perfect Tenderness; I urg'd him to it,
Knowing the deadly Sickness of his Heart,
Your overflowing Goodness to your Friend,

Your

Your Wiſdom, and Deſpair your ſelf to wed her;
I wrung a Promiſe from him he would try:
And, now I come a mutual Friend to both,
Without his Privacy, to let you know it,
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.
Car. Ah! if he weds, I am undone indeed;
Not *Don Alvarez'* ſelf can then relieve me.
Zan. Alas! My Lord, *you know his Heart is Steel,*
'Tis fixt, 'tis paſt 'tis abſolute Deſpair.
Car. O cruel Heav'n! and is it not enough
That I muſt never, never ſee her more!
Say, is it not enough that I muſt die;
But muſt I be tormented in the Grave?
Ask my Conſent! — Muſt I then give her to him?
Lead to his Nuptial Sheets the bluſhing Maid?
Oh; — *Leonora*! never, never, never!
Zan. A Storm of Plagues upon him; he refuſes. [*Aſide.*
Car. What! Wed her?—and to-day?
Zan. To-day, or never.
To-morrow may ſome wealthier Lover bring,
And then *Alonzo* is thrown out like you.
Then whom ſhall he condemn for his Misfortune?
Carlos is an *Alvarez* to his Love.
Car. O Torment! Whither ſhall I turn?
Zan. To peace.
Car. Which is the Way?
Zan. *His Happineſs is yours,*
I dare not diſbelieve you.
Car. Kill my Friend!
Or worſe? — Alas! and can there be a worſe? —
A worſe there is; nor can my Nature bear it.
Zan. You have convinc'd me, 'tis a dreadful Taſk.
I find *Alonzo*'s quitting her this Morning
For *Carlos*'s ſake, in Tenderneſs to you,
Betray'd me to believe it leſs ſevere
Then I perceive, it is —
Car. Thou doſt upbraid me.
Zan. No, my good Lord; but ſince you can't comply,
'Tis my Misfortune that I mention'd it;
For had I not, *Alonzo* would indeed

Have dy'd, as now; but not by your Decree.
Car. By my Decree? do I decree his Death?
I do —— Shall I then lead her to his Arms?
Oh! which side shall I take? be stabb'd? or — stabb'd? —
'Tis equal Death, a Choice of Agonies ——
Ah no! all other Agonies are Ease
To one! —— O *Leonora*! —— Never, never!
Go *Zanga*, go, defer the dreadful Tryal,
Tho' but a Day, something perchance may happen
To soften all to Friendship, and to Love.
Go, stop my Friend, let me not see him now,
But save us from an Interview of Death.
Zan. My Lord, I'm bound in Duty to obey you —
If I not bring him, may *Alonzo* prosper. [*Aside Ex.* Zan.
Car. What is this World? — Thy School, O Misery!
Our only Lesson is to learn to suffer,
And he who knows not that, was born for Nothing.
Tho' deep my Pangs, and heavy at my Heart,
My Comfort is, each Moment takes away
A Grain at least from the dead Load that's on me,
And gives a nearer Prospect of the Grave. —
But put it most severely — should I live?
Live long? Alas! there is no Length in Time;
Not in thy Time, O Man! What's fourscore Years?
Nay, what indeed, the Age of Time it self,
Since cut from our Eternity's wide Round?
Away then. To a Mind Resolv'd and Wise,
There is an Impotence in Misery,
Which makes me smile, when all its Shafts are in me.
Yet, *Leonora* — She can make Time long,
Its Nature alter, as she alter'd mine
While in the Lustre of her Charms I lay,
Whole Summer Suns roll'd unperceiv'd away;
I Years for Days, and Days for Moments told,
And was surpriz'd to hear that I grew old;
Now Fate does rigidly its Dues regain,
And every Moment is an Age of Pain.

As he is going out, Enter Zanga *and* Alonzo. Zanga *stops* Carlos.

Zan. Is this *Don Carlos*? this the boasted Friend?

How

How can you turn your Back upon his Sadneſs?
Look on him, and then leave him if you can.
Whoſe Sorrows thus depreſs him? — Not his own;
This Moment he could wed, without your Leave.
Car. I cannot yield; nor can I bear his Griefs.
Alonzo! [*Going to him, and taking his Hand.*
Alon. O *Carlos*!
Car. Pray forbear.
Alon. Art thou undone? and ſhall *Alonzo* ſmile?
Alonzo? who perhaps in ſome Degree
Contributed to cauſe thy dreadful Fate?
I was deputed Guardian of thy Love;
But oh! I lov'd my ſelf. Pour down Afflictions
On this devoted Head! Make me your Mark!
And be the World by my Example taught,
How ſacred it ſhould hold the Name of Friend.
Car. You charge your ſelf unjuſtly; well I know
The only Cauſe of my ſevere Affliction.
Alvarez, curs'd *Alvarez* — ſo much Anguiſh
Felt for ſo ſmall a Failure, is one Merit
Which faultleſs Virtue wants: The Crime was mine,
Who plac'd thee there, where only thou could'ſt fail;
Tho' well I knew that dreadful Poſt of Honour
I gave thee to maintain. Ah! Who could hear
Thoſe Eyes, unhurt? The Wounds my ſelf have felt,
(Which wounds alone ſhould cauſe me to condemn thee)
They plead in thy Excuſe; for I too ſtrove
To ſhun their Fires, and found 'twas not in Man.
Alon. You caſt in Shades the Failures of a Friend,
And ſoften all; but think not you deceive me:
I know my Guilt, and I implore your Pardon,
As the ſole Glimpſe I can obtain of Peace.
Car. Pardon for him who but this Morning threw
Fair *Leonora* from his Heart, all bath'd
In ceaſeleſs Tears, and blushing with her Love?
Who like a Roſe-leaf, wet with Morning Dew,
Would have ſtuck cloſe, and clung for ever there?
But 'twas in thee, thro' Fondneſs to thy Friend,
To ſhut the Boſom againſt Extaſies;
For which, while this Pulſe beats, it beats to thee,

While this Blood flows, it flows for my *Alonzo*,
And every wish is levell'd at thy Joy.

Zan. to *Alon.* My Lord, my Lord, this is your Time to speak.

Alon. to *Zan.* Because he's kind? it therefore is the worst;
For 'tis his Kindness which I fear to hurt.
Shall the same Moment see him sink in Woes,
And me providing for a Flow of Joys,
Rich in the Plunder of his Happiness?
No, I may die; but I can never speak.

Car. Now, now it comes! they are concerting it,
The first Word strikes me dead — O *Leonora*!
And shall another taste her fragrant Breath! —
Who knows what After-time may bring to pass?
Fathers may change, and I may wed her still. [*Aside.*

Alon. to *Zan.* Do I not see him quite possess'd with Anguish.
Which, like a Demon, writhes him to and fro?
And shall I pour in new? No, fond Desire,
No, Love! One Pang at parting, and farewel.
I have no other Love but *Carlos* now.

Car. Alas! my Friend why with such eager Grasp
Dost press my Hand, and weep upon my Cheek?

Alon. If, after Death, our Forms (as some believe)
Shall be transparent, naked every Thought,
And Friends meet Friends, and read each other's Hearts,
Thou'lt know one Day, that thou wast held most dear,
Farewel.

Car. *Alonzo*, stay — he cannot speak — [*holds him.*
Lest it should grieve me — shall I be out-done?
And lose in Glory, as I lose in Love? [*Aside.*
I take it much unkindly, my *Alonzo*,
You think so meanly of me, not to speak,
When well I know your Heart is near to bursting.
Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?
Your smallest Friendship's Liberty, and Life.

Alon. There, there it is, my Friend, it cuts me there.
How dreadful is it to a generous Mind
To ask, when sure he cannot be deny'd?

Car. How greatly thought! in all he tow'rs above me.

Then

Then you confess you wou'd ask something of me.

Alon. No, on my Soul.

Zan. to *Alon.* Then lose her.

Car. [*Aside.*] Glorious Spirit!
Why, what a Pang has he run thro' for this?
By Heav'n, I envy him his Agonies!
Why was not mine the most illustrious Lot
Of starting at one Action from below,
And flaming up into consummate Greatness!
Ha! Angels, strengthen me! —— It shall be so. ——
I can't want Strength. Great Actions once conceiv'd,
Strengthen like Wine, and animate the Soul,
And call themselves to Being —— My *Alonzo!*
Since thy great Soul disdains to make Requests,
Receive with Favour that I make to thee.

Alon. What means my *Carlos?*

Car. Pray observe me well:
Fate and *Alonzo* tore her from my Heart;
And plucking up my Love, they had well nigh
Pluck'd up Life too, for they were twin'd together.
Of that no more —— What now does Reason bid?
I cannot wed —— Farewel my Happiness;
But, O my Soul, provide with Care for hers.
In Life, how weak, how helpless is a Woman!
Soon hurt, in Happiness itself unsafe,
And often wounded while she plucks the Rose;
So properly the Object of Affliction,
That Heav'n is pleas'd to make Distress become her,
And dresses her most amiably in Tears.
Take then my Heart in Dow'ry with the Fair;
Be thou her Guardian, and thou must be mine,
Shut out the thousand pressing Ills of Life
With thy surrounding Arms — Do this, and then
Set down the Liberty and Life thou gav'st me,
As little Things, as Essays of thy Goodness,
And Rudiments of Friendship so Divine.

Alon. There is a Grandeur in thy Goodness to me,
Which with thy Foes would render thee ador'd;
But have a Care; nor think I can be pleas'd
With any Thing that lays in Pains for thee.

Thou dost dissemble, and thy Heart's in Tears.

Car. My Heart's in Health, my Spirits dance their Round.
And at my Eye Pleasure looks out in Smiles.

Alon. And canst thou, canst thou part with *Leonora?*

Car. I do not part with her, I give her thee.

Alon. O *Cæsar!*

Car. Don't distrust me, I'm sincere
Nor is it more than simple Justice in me.
This Morn didst thou resign her for my Sake;
I but perform a Virtue learnt from thee;
Discharge a Debt, and pay her to thy Wishes.

Alon. Ah how? —but think not Words were ever made
For such Occasions. Silence, Tears, Embraces
Are languid Eloquence. I'll seek Relief
In Absence from the Pain of so much Goodness.
There thank the best above, thy fate Superiors;
Adore, and raise my Thoughts of them by thee. [*Exit.*

Car. Thus far Success has crown'd my boldest Hope,
My next Care is to hasten these new Nuptials,
And then my Master-works begin to play.
Why this was greatly done, without one Sigh [*To Car.*
To carry such a Glory to its Period.

Car. Too soon thou praisest me. He's gone, and now
I must unsluice my overburden'd Heart,
And let it flow. I would not grieve my Friend
With Tears; nor interrupt my great Design,
Great sure as ever human Breast durst think of.
But now my Sorrows, long with Pain suppress,
Burst their Confinement with impetuous Sway,
O'er swell all Bounds, and bear ev'n Life away.
So, till the Day was won, the *Greek* renown'd
With Anguish wore the Arrow in his Wound,
Then drew the Shaft from out his tortur'd Side,
Let gush the Torrent of his Blood, and dy'd.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Zanga *and* Isabella.

Zan. O Joy, Thou welcome Stranger! twice three Years
I have not felt thy Vital Beam, but now
It warms my Veins, and plays around my Heart:
A fiery Instinct lifts me from the Ground,
And I could mount! The Spirits numberless
Of my dear Countrymen, which Yesterday
Left their poor bleeding Bodies on the Field,
Are all assembled here, and o'er inform me ——
O Bridegroom! Great indeed thy present Bliss;
Yet ev'n by me unenvy'd; for be sure
It is thy last. thy last Smile, that which now
Sits on thy Cheek; enjoy it while thou may'st,
Anguish, and Groans, and Death bespeak To-morrow.
My *Isabella*!

Isab. What commands my *Moor*?

Zan. My fair Ally! My lovely Minister!
'Twas well *Moreno*, by my Arts inspell'd,
(To plunge *Don Carlos* in the last Despair,
And so prevent all future Molestation,)
Finish'd the Nuptials soon as he resolv'd them;
This Conduct urg'd all for Me, and Ruin.
Scarce had the Priest his holy Rite perform'd,
When I, by sacred Inspiration, forg'd
That Letter, which I trusted to thy Hand;
That Letter, which in glowing Terms conveys
From happy *Carlos* to fair *Leonora*
The most profound Acknowledgment of Heart
For wondrous Transports, which he never knew.
This is a good subservient Artifice,
To aid the nobler Workings of my Brain.

Isab. I quickly slipt it in the Bride's Apartment,
As you commanded.

Zan. With a lucky Hand;

For soon *Alonzo* found it; I observ'd him
From out my secret Stand. He took it up;
But scarce was it unfolded to his Sight,
When he, as if an Arrow pierc'd his Eye,
Started, and trembling dropt it on the Ground.
Pale and aghast a while my Victim stood,
Disguis'd a Sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;
Then rubb'd his Brow, and took it up again.
At first he look'd as if he meant to read it;
But check'd by rising Fears, he crush'd it Thus,
And thrust it, like an Adder, in his Bosom.

Isab. But if he read it not, it cannot sting him,
At least not mortally.

Zan. At first I thought so;
But farther Thought informs me otherwise,
And turns this Disappointment to Account.
He more shall credit it because unseen,
(If 'tis unseen) as thou anon may'st find.

Isab. That would indeed commend my *Zanga*'s Skill.

Zan. This, *Isabella*, is *Don Carlos*'s Picture;
Take it, and so dispose of it, that found,
It may rise up a Witness of her Love,
Under her Pillow, in her Cabinet,
Or elsewhere, as shall best promote our End.

Isab. I'll weigh it as it's Consequence requires,
Then do my utmost to deserve your Smile. [*Exit.* Isab.

Zan. Is that *Alonzo* prostrate on the Ground? ——
Now he starts up like Flame from sleeping Embers,
And wild Distraction glares from either Eye.
If thus a slight Surmise can work his Soul,
How will the fulness of the Tempest tear him!

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. And yet it cannot be —— I am deceiv'd ——
I injure her: she wears the Face of Heav'n.

Zan. He doubts.

Alon. I dare not look on This again.
If the first Glance, which gave suspicion only,
Had such effect, so smote my Heart and Brain,
The Certainty would dash me all in Pieces.
It cannot —— Ha! it must, it must be true. [*Shuts.*

Zan.

Zan. Hold there and we ſucceed. He has deſcry'd me.
And, for he knows I love him, will unfold
His aching Heart, and reſt it on my Counſel.
I'll ſeem to go, to make my Stay more ſure.

Alon. Hold, *Zanga*, turn.

Zan. My Lord.

Alon. Shut cloſe the Doors,
That not a Spirit find an Entrance here.

Zan. My Lord's obey'd,

Alon. I ſee that thou art frighted.
If thou doſt love me, I ſhall fill thy Heart
With Scorpion's Stings.

Zan. If I do love, my Lord?

Alon. Come near me, let me reſt upon thy Boſom.
What Pillow like the Boſom of a Friend?
And I am ſick at Heart.

Zan. Speak Sir, O Speak,
And take me from the Wreck!

Alon. And is there need
Of Words? Behold a Wonder! See my Tears!

Zan. I feel them too. Heav'n grant my Senſes fail me!
I rather would loſe them than have this real.

Alon. Go take a Round thro' all things in my Thought
And find that One; for there is only One
Which could extort my Tears; find that and tell
Thy ſelf my Miſery, and ſpare me the Pain.

Zan. Sorrow can think but ill—— I am bewilder'd;
I know not where I am.

Alon. Think, think no more.
It ne'er can enter in an honeſt Heart.
I'll tell thee then —— I cannot, —— Yet I do
By wanting Force to give it Utterance.

Zan. Speak, eaſe your Heart; its Throbs will break your Boſom.

Alon. I am moſt Happy: mine is Victory,
Mine the Kings, Favour, mine the Nation's Shout,
And great Men make their Fortunes of my Smiles.
O Curſe of Curſes! In the lap of Bleſſing
To be moſt Curſt! —— My *Leonora*'s Falſe!

Zan. Save me, my Lord!

Alon.

Alon. My Leonora's false. [*Gives him the Letter.*
Zan. Then Heav'n has loft its Image here on Earth.
[*While Zanga reads the Letter, he trembles and shows the utmost Concern.*
Alon. Good-natur'd Man! He makes my Pains his own.
I durst not read it; but I read it now
In thy concern.
Zan. Did you not read it then?
Alon. Mine Eye just touch'd it, and cou'd bear no more.
Zan. Thus perish all that gives *Alonzo* Pain. [*Tears the*
Alon. Why didst thou tear it? *Letter.*
Zan. Think of it no more.
'Twas your Mistake, and groundless are your Fears.
Alon. And didst thou tremble then for my Mistake?
Or give the whole Contents, or by the Pangs
That feed upon my Heart, thy Life's in Danger.
Zan. Is this *Alonzo*'s Language to his *Zanga*?
Draw forth your Sword, and find the Secret here.
For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?
Wherefore this Rage? Because I seek your Peace?
I have no Interest in suppressing it,
But what good-natur'd Tenderness for you
Obliges me to have. Not mine the Heart
That will be rent in two, not mine the Fame
That will be damn'd, tho' all the World should know it.
Alon. Then my worst Fears are true, and Life is past.
Zan. What has the Rashness of my Passion utter'd?
I know not what; but Rage is our Distraction,
And all its words are Wind——Yet sure I think
I nothing own'd——but grant I did confess.
What is a Letter? Letters may be forg'd.
For Heaven's sweet Sake, my Lord, lift up your Heart.
Some Foe to your Repose——
Alon. So Heav'n look on me,
As I can't find the Man I have offended. [Shield.
Zan. [*Aside.*] Indeed! Our Innocence is not our
They take Offence who have not been offended,
They seek our Ruin too, who speaks us fair,
And Death is often ambush'd in their Smiles.
We know not whom we have to fear. 'Tis certain

A

A Letter may be forg'd, and in a Point
Of such a dreadful Consequence as this,
One would rely on nought that might be false——
Think, have you any other Cause to doubt her?
Away, you can find none. Resume your Spirit,
All's well again.

Alon. O that it were!

Zan. It is;
For who would credit that, which credited,
Makes Hell superfluous by superior Pains.
Without such Proofs as cannot be withstood?
Has she not ever been to Vertue train'd?
Is not her Fame as spotless as the Sun,
Her Sex's Envy, and the Boast of *Spain*?

Alon. O *Zanga*! It is that confounds me most,
That full in Opposition to Appearance——

Zan. No more, my Lord, for you condemn yourself.
What is Absurdity, but to believe
Against Appearance?——You can't yet, I find,
Subdue your Passion to your better Sense;——
And, Truth to tell, it does not much displease me.
'Tis fit our Indiscretions shou'd be check'd,
With some Degree of Pain.

Alon. What Indiscretion?

Zan. Come, you must bear to hear your Faults from me.
Had you not sent *Don Carlos* to the Court
The Night before the Battle, that foul Slave,
Who forg'd the senseless Scroll which give you Pain,
Had wanted footing for this Villany.

Alon. I sent him not.

Zan. Not send him!—Ha!—That strikes me.
I thought he came on Message to the King.
Is there another Cause could justify
His shunning Danger, and the promis'd Fight?
But I perhaps may think too rigidly,
So long an Absence, and impatient Love——

Alon. In my Confusion, That had quite escap'd me.
By Heav'n, my wounded Soul does bleed afresh;
'Tis clear as Day——for *Carlos* is so brave,
He lives not but on Fame, he hunts for Danger,

And

And is enamour'd of the Face of Death.
How then could he decline the next Day's Battle,—
But for the Tranſports?—Oh it muſt be ſo!—
Inhuman! by the Loſs of his own Honour,
To buy the Ruin of his Friend!

Zan. You wrong him;
He knew not of your Love.

Alon. Ha!——

Zan. That ſtings home. [*Aſide.*

Alon. Indeed, he knew not of my treacherous Love—
Proofs riſe on Proofs, and ſtill the laſt the ſtrongeſt,
Th' eternal Law of Things declares it true,
Which calls for Judgments on diſtinguiſh'd Guilt,
And loves to make our Crime our Puniſhment.
Love is my Torture, Love was firſt my Crime;
For ſhe was his, my Friends and he (O Horror)
Confided all in me. O ſacred Faith!
How dearly I abide the Violation!

Zan. Were then their Loves far gone?

Alon. The Father's Will
There bore a total Sway; and he as ſoon
As News arriv'd that *Carlos*'s Fleet was ſeen
From off our Coaſt, fir'd with the Love of Gold,
Determin'd, that the very Sun which ſaw
Carlos return, ſhould ſee his Daughter wed.

Zan. Indeed, my Lord, then you muſt pardon me;
If I preſume to mitigate the Crime.
Conſider; ſtrong Allurements ſoften Guilt;
Long was his Abſence, ardent was his Love,
At Midnight his Return, the next Day deſtin'd
For his Eſpouſals——'twas a ſtrong Temptation.

Alon. Temptation!

Zan. 'Twas but gaining of one Night.

Alon. One Night!

Zan. That Crime could ne'er return again.

Alon. Again! By Heav'n, thou doſt inſult thy Lord.
Temptation one Night gain'd! O Stings and Death!
And am I then undone? Alas, my *Zanga!*
And doſt thou own it to? Deny it ſtill,
And reſcue me one Moment from Diſtraction.

Zan.

Zan. My Lord, I hope the beſt.

Alon. Falſe fooliſh Hope,
And inſolent to me! Thou know'ſt it falſe;
It is as glaring as the Noon-tyde Sun.
Devil! This Morning after three Years Coldneſs,
To ruſh at once into a Paſſion for me!
'Twas time to feign, 'twas time to get another,
When her firſt Fool was fated with her Beauties,

Zan. What ſays my Lord? Did *Leonora* then
Never before diſcloſe her Paſſion for you?

Alon. Never.

Zan. Throughout the whole three Years?

Alon O never! never! ——
Why *Zanga*, ſhould'ſt thou ſtrive? 'tis all in vain;
Tho' thy Soul labours, it can find no Reed
For Hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down
Ten Thouſand Thouſand Fathoms in Deſpair.

Zan. Hold, Sir, I'll break your Fall,—Wave ev'ry Fear,
And be a Man again—Had he enjoy'd her,
Be moſt aſſur'd, he had Reſign'd her to you
With leſs Reluctance.

Alon. Ha! Reſign her to me!——
Reſign her! Who Reſign'd her?—Double Death!—
How could I doubt ſo long? my Heart is broke.
Firſt love her to Diſtraction! Then Reſign her!

Zan. But was it not with utmoſt Agony?

Alon. Grant that, he ſtill Reſign'd her, that's enough.
Would he pluck out his Eye to give it me?
Tear out his Heart?—She was his Heart no more——
Nor was it with Reluctance he Reſign'd her.
By Heav'n he ask'd, he courted me to wed.
I thought it ſtrange; 'tis now no longer ſo.

Zan. Was't his Requeſt? Are you right ſure of that?
I fear the Letter was not all a Tale.

Alon. A Tale! There's Proof equivalent to Sight.

Zan. I ſhould diſtruſt my Light on this Occaſion.

Alon. And ſo ſhould I; by Heav'n, I think I ſhould.
What! *Leonora*, the Divine? by whom
We gueſt at Angels? Oh! I'm all Confuſion.

Zan.

Zan. You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.
Since Bliss and Horror, Life and Death hang on it,
Go to your Chamber, there maturely weigh
Each Circumstance; consider, above all,
That it is Jealousy's peculiar Nature
To swell small Things to Great, nay out of Nought
To conjure much, and then to lose its Reason,
Amid the hideous Phantomes it has form'd.

Alon. Had I ten Thousand Lives, I'd give them all
To be deceiv'd. I fear 'tis Doom's-day with me;
And yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought Heav'n
Borrow'd her Form for Virtue's self to wear,
To gain her Lovers with the Sons of Men.

[*Exit Alonzo.*

Enter Isabella.

Zan. Thus far it works auspiciously. My Patient
Thrives underneath my Hand in Misery.
He's gone to think, that is to be distracted.

Isab. I overheard your Conference, and saw you,
To my Amazement, tear the Letter.

Zan. There,
There *Isabella*, I out did my self.
For tearing it, I most secure it only
In it's first Force; but fomented a new.
For who can now the Character examine
To cause a Doubt, much less detect the Fraud?
And after tearing it, as loath to shew
The foul Contents, if I should swear it now
A Forgery, my Lord would disbelieve me,
Nay more would disbelieve, the more I swore.
But is the Picture happily dispos'd of?

Isab. It is. [think!

Zan. That's well—Ah! what is well? O Pang to
O dire Necessity! is this my Province?
Whither, my Soul! ah! whither art thou sunk
Beneath thy Sphere? E'er while, far, far above
Such little Arts, Dissemblings, Falsehoods, Frauds,
The Truth of Villany it self, which falls
To Cowards and poor Wretches wanting Bread.

Does

Does this become a Soldier? this become
Whom Armies, follow'd, and a People lov'd?
My Martial Glory withers at the Thought.
But great my End; and since there are no other,
These Means are just, they shine with borrow'd Light
Illustrious from the Purpose they pursue.
And greater sure my Merit, who to gain
A Point sublime, can such a Task sustain,
To wade thro' Ways obscene, my Honour bend,
And shock my Nature, to attain my End.
Late Time shall wonder; That my Joys will raise;
For Wonder is involuntary Praise.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Alonzo *and* Zanga.

Alon. OH, what a Pain to think! when every Thought
Perplexing Thought in Intricacies runs,
And Reason knits th' inextricable Toil
In which her self is taken. I am loſt,
Poor Inſect that I am, I am involv'd,
And bury'd in the Web my ſelf have wrought.
One Argument is ballanc'd by another,
And Reaſon, Reaſon meets in doubtful Fight,
And Proofs are countermin'd by equal Proofs.
No more I'll bear this Battle of the Mind,
This inward Anarchy; but find my Wife,
And to her trembling Heart preſenting Death,
Force all the Secret from her.

Zan. O forbear!
You totter on the very Brink of Ruin.

Alon. What doſt thou mean?

Zan. That will diſcover all,
And kill my Hopes. What can I think or do? [*Aſide.*

Alon. What doſt thou murmur?

Zan. Force the Secret from her!
What's Perjury to ſuch a Crime as this?
Will ſhe confeſs it th[illegible]eſs Hope!
But reſt aſſur'd, ſhe'll [illegible] Accuſation,
Or falſe or true, your Ruin with the King;
Such is her Father's Pow'r.

Alon. No More, I care not;
Rather than Groan beneath this Load, I'll dye.

Zan. But for what better will you change this Load?
Grant you ſhould know it, would not That be worſe?

Alon. No, it would cure me of my Mortal Pangs:
By Hatred and Contempt, I ſhould deſpiſe her;
And all my Love-bred Agonies would vaniſh.

Zan. Ah! were I ſure of that? My Lord.

Alon. What then?

Zan.

Zan. You ſhould not hazard Life to gain the Secret.
Alon. What doſt thou mean? Thou know'ſt I'm on (the Rack;
I'll not be play'd with, ſpeak, if thou haſt ought,
Or I this inſtant fly to *Leonora*.
Zan. That is to Death. My Lord, I am not yet
Quite ſo far gone in Guilt to ſuffer it,
Tho' gone too far, Heav'n knows—'Tis I am guilty—
I have took Pains, as you I know obſerv'd,
To hinder you from diving in the Secret,
And turn'd aſide your Thoughts from the Detection.
Alon. Thou doſt confound me.
Zan. I confound my ſelf;
And frankly own tho' to my Shame I own it,
Nought but your Life in Danger could have turn
The Secret out, and made me own my Crime.
Alon. Speak quickly; *Zanga*, ſpeak.
Zan. Not yet, dread Sir:
Firſt I muſt be aſſur'd, that if you find
The fair one guilty, Scorn, as you aſſur'd me,
Shall conquer Love and Rage, and heal your Soul.
Alon. Oh! 'twill, by Heav'n.
Zan. Alas! I fear it much,
And ſcarce can hope ſo far; but I of this
Exact your ſolemn Oath, that you'll abſtain
From all Self-Violence, and ſave my Lord,
Alon. I trebly Swear.
Zan. You'll bear it like a Man?
Alon. A God.
Zan. Such have you been to me, theſe Tears confeſt
And pour'd forth Miracles of Kindneſs on me:
And what Amends is now within my Pow'r,
But to confeſs, expoſe my ſelf to Juſtice,
And as a Bleſſing claim my Puniſhment?
Know then, *Don Carlos*——
Alon. Oh!
Zan. You cannot bear it.
Alon. Go on, I'll have it, tho' it blaſt Mankind;
I'll have it all, and Inſtantly. Go on

Zan.

Zan. *Don Carlos* did return at dead of Night.

Enter Leonora.

Leon. My Lord *Alonzo*, you are absent from us,
And quite undo our Joy.

Alon. I'll come, my Love:
Be not our Friends deserted by us both;
I'll follow you this Moment.

Leon. My good Lord,
I do observe Severity of Thought
Upon your Brow. Ought hear you from the *Moors?*

Alon. No, my Delight.

Leon. What then Employ'd your Mind? [friend m

Alon. Thou, Love, and only thou; so Heav'n h
As other Thoughts can find no Entrance here.

Leon. How good in you my Lord whom Nations Cares
Sollicit, and a World in Arms obeys,
To drop one Thought on me!

[*He shows the utmost Impatien*

Alon. Dost thou then prize it?

Leon. Do you then ask it?

Alon. Know then to thy Comfort,
Thou hast me all, my throbbing Heart is full
With thee alone, I've thought of nothing else;
Nor shall, I from my Soul believe, till Death.
My Life, our Friends expect thee.

Leon. I obey. [*Exit Leon.*

Alon. Is that the Face of chaste Hypocrisy?
If she is guilty, Stars are made of Darkness,
And Destiny shall no more belong to Heav'n—
Don Carlos did return at dead of Night.
Proceed, good *Zanga*, so thy Tale began.

Zan. *Don Carlos* did return at dead of Night;
That Night, by Chance (ill Chance for me) did I
Command the Watch that guards the Palace Gate,
He told me he had Letters for the King
Dispatch'd from you.

Alon. The Villian ly'd.

Zan. My Lord,
I pray forbear—Transported at his Sight,

After

After so long a Bondage, and your Friend,
(Who cou'd suspect him of an Artifice?)
No farther I enquir'd, but let him pass,
False to my Trust, at least imprudent in it.
Our Watch reliev'd, I went into the Garden,
As is my Custom when the Night's serene,
And took a Moon-light Walk: When soon I heard
A rustling in an Arbour that was near me,
I saw two Lovers in each others Arms,
Embracing and Imbalm'd. Anon the Man
Arose, and falling back some Paces from her,
Gaz'd stedfastly a while; then rush'd at once,
And throwing all himself into her Bosom,
There softly sigh'd, O Night of Extasie!
When shall we meet again? *Don Carlos* then
Lead *Leonora* forth.

Men. Oh! Oh my Heart! [*He sinks into a Chair.*

Zan. [*aside.*] Groan on, and with the Sound, refresh my Soul.
'Tis thro' his Heart, his Knees smite one another,
'Tis thro' his Brain, his Eye-balls roul in Anguish.
My Lord, my Lord, why will you rack my Soul,
Speak to me, let me know that you still live.
Do you not know me, Sir? Pray look upon me;
You think too deeply, I'm your own *Zanga*,
So lov'd, so cherish'd and so honour'd by you.
Where start you in such Fury? Tell me, my Lord,
For Heav'n's Sake shew me your Grief! What can this mean?
Fool that I was, to trust you with the Secret,
And you unkind to break your Word with me!
O Passion for a Woman! On the Ground?
Where is your bonted Courage? Where your Scorn,
And prudent Rage that wou'd to cure your Grief,
And chace your Love bred Agonies away?
Rise, Sir, for Honour's Sake. Why shou'd the Moor,
Why shou'd the vanquish'd Triumph?

Men. Would to Heav'n,
That I were lower still! Oh she was All!
My Fame, my Friendship, and my Love of Arms,

All

All ſtoop'd to her, my Blood was her Poſſeſſion.
Deep in the ſecret Foldings of my Heart
She liv'd with Life, and far the dearer She.
But——and no more——ſet Nature in a Blaze,
Give her a Fit of Jealouſy——away——
To think on't is the Torment of the Damn'd,
And not to think on't is impoſſible.
How fair the Cheek that firſt alarm'd my Soul!
How bright the Eye that ſet it on a Flame!
How ſoft the Breaſt, on which I lay'd my Peace
For Years to ſlumber, unawak'd by Care!
How fierce the Tranſport! How ſublime the Bliſs!
How deep, how black the Horror, and Deſpair!

Zan. You ſaid, you'd bear it like a Man.

Alon. I do.
Am I not moſt diſtracted?

Zan. Pray be Calm.

Alon. As Hurricanes. Be thou aſſur'd of that.

Zan. Is this the wife *Alonzo?*

Alon. Villain, no.
He di'd in the Arbour, he was murder'd there;
I am his Demon the——My Wife!——My Wife!

Zan. Alas! he weeps.

Alon. Go, dig her Grave.

Zan. My Lord!

Alon. But ſhe her Blood's too hot, I would carouſe
It around my bridal Board.

Zan. And I would pledge thee.

Alon. But I may talk too faſt. Pray let me think,
And reaſon mildly.——Wedded and undone
Before one Night deſcends——O haſty Evil!
What Friend to comfort me in this Extreme!
Where's *Carlos?* Why is *Carlos* abſent from me?
Does he know what has happen'd?

Zan. My good Lord!

Alon. O Depth of Horrors! He——my Boſom Friend

Zan. Alas! compoſe your ſelf, my Lord.

Alon. To Death.
Gaze on her with both Eyes ſo ardently!
Give them the Vultures, tear him all in Pieces!

Zan.

Zan. Most excellent!

Alon. Hark! You can keep a Secret.
In yonder Arbour bound with Jessamin,
Who's that? What Villain's that? unbind her —
Murder!
Tear them asunder — Murder — How they grind
My Heart betwixt them. — O let go my Heart!
Yet let it go — *Embracing and Embrac'd!*
O Pestilence! — Who let him in? a Traytor.
[*Goes to stab* Zanga, *he prevents him.*
Alas! my Head turns round, and my Limbs fail me.

Zan. My Lord!

Alon. O Villain, Villain most accurst!
If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed?

Zan. Hear me, my Lord, your Anger will abate.
I knew it not. I saw them in the Garden;
But saw no more than you might well expect.
To see in Lovers destin'd for each other.
By Heav'n I thought their meeting Innocent.
(Who could suspect fair *Leonora*'s Virtue?)
'Till After Proofs conspir'd to blacken it,
Sad Proofs, which came too late, which broke not out,
(Eternal Curses on *Alvarez*' Haste)
'Till holy Rites had made the Wanton yours.
And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it,
In Duty and Compassion to your Peace.

Alon. Live now, be damn'd hereafter; for I want thee.
O *night of Extasie!* —— Ha! was't not so?
I will enjoy this Murder —— Let me think ——
The Jessamin Bow'r, 'tis secret and remote.
Go, wait me there, and take thy Dagger with thee.
[*Exit* Zan.
How the sweet Sound still sings within my Ear?
When shall we meet again? To Night, in Hell.
As he is going, Enter Leonora.
Ha! I'm surpriz'd, I stagger at her Charms.
O Angel-Devil! shall I stab her now?
No, it shall be as I had first determin'd:
To kill her now were half my Vengeance lost.

Then I must now dissemble——If I can.

Leon. My Lord, excuse me, see a second Time
I come in Embassy from all your Friends,
Whose Joys are languid, unrespir'd by you.

Alon. This Moment, *Leonora*, I was coming
To thee, and all——but sure, or I mistake,
Or thou canst well inspire my friends with Joy.

Leon. Why sighs my Lord?

Alon. I sigh'd not, *Leonora*. [Lord,

Leon. Pardon me, you did; your Sighs are mine my
And I shall feel them all.

Alon. Dost flatter me?

Leon. If my Regards for you are Flattery,
Full far indeed I stretch'd the Compliment
In this Day's solemn Rite.

Alon. What Rite?

Leon. You sport me.

Alon. Indeed I do; my Heart is full of Mirth.

Leon. And so is mine——I look on Cheerfulness,
As on the Health of Virtue,

Alon. Virtue!——Damn——

What says my Lord!

Alon. Thou art exceeding Fair.

Leon. Beauty alone is but of little Worth;
But when the Soul and Body of a Piece,
Both shine alike, then they obtain a Price,
And are a Reward for gallant Actions,
Heav'n's Pay on Earth for such great Souls as your's
If Fair and Innocent I am your Due.

Alon. Innocent!

Leon. How! my Lord, I interrupt you,

Alon. No, my best Life, I must not part with thee,
This Hand is mine, Oh! What a Hand is here?
So soft, so——I am into it, and are lost!

Leon. In Tears, my Lord?

Alon. What Tongue can speak my Joy?
I gaze, and I forget my own Existence;
'Tis all a Vision, my Head swims in Heav'n.
Wherefore! Oh! Wherefore this Excess of Beauty!
And unbelieve! Oh!

Why,

Why, I cou'd gaze upon thy Looks for ever,
And drink in all my Being from thine Eyes;
And I could snatch a flaming Thunderbolt,
And hurl Destruction.

Leon. How, my Lord! What mean you?
Acquaint me with the Secret of your Heart,
Or cast me out for ever from your Love.

Alon. Art thou concern'd for me?

Leon. My Lord, you fright me?
Is this the Fondness of your Nuptial Hour?
I am ill us'd, my Lord, I must not bear it.
Why when I woo your Hand is it deny'd me?
Your very Eyes, why are they taught to shun me!
Nay, my good Lord, I have a Title here.
[*Taking his Hand.*
And I will have it. Am I not your Wife?
Have not I just Authority to know
That Heart, which, I have purchased with my own!
Lay it before me then, it is my Due.
Unkind *Alonzo*, tho' I might demand it.
Behold I kneel! See *Leonora* kneels,
And deigns to be a Beggar for her own!
Tell me the Secret, I conjure you tell me.
The Bride forgoes the Homage of her Day,
Alvarez Daughter trembles in the Dust.
Speak then, I charge you speak, or I expire,
And load you with my Death. My Lord—my Lord.

Alon. Hi! ha! ha! [*He breaks from her, and she sinks upon the Floor.*

Leon. Are these the Joys which fondly I conceiv'd,
And is it this a Wedded Life begins?
What did I part with, when I gave my Heart?
I knew not that all Happiness went with it.
Why did I leave my tender Father's Wing,
And venture into Love? The Maid that loves,
Goes out to Sea upon a shatter'd Plank,
And puts her Trust in Miracles for Safety:
Where shall I sigh? Where pour out my Complaints?
He that should hear, should succour, should redress,
He is the Source of all.

Alon. Go to thy Chamber,
I ſoon will follow; that which now diſturbs thee
Shall be clear'd up, and thou ſhalt not condemn me.
[*Exe.* Leon.
Oh how like Innocence ſhe looks! What, ſtab her,
And ruſh into her Blood?—I never can.
In her Guilt ſhines, and Nature holds my Hand.
How then? Why thus———No more; it is determin'd

Enter Zanga.

Zan. I fear his Heart has fail'd him. She muſt dye.
Can I not rouze the Snake that's in his Boſom,
To ſting out humane Nature, and effect it?
Alon. This vaſt and ſolid Earth, that blazing Sun,
Thoſe Skies thro' which it rolls, muſt all have End.
What then is Man? the ſmalleſt part of Nothing.
Day buries Day, Month Month, and Year the Year,
Our Life is but a Chain of many Deaths;
Can then Death ſelf be fear'd? Our Life much rather
Life is the Deſart, Life the Solitude,
Death joins us to the great Majority:
'Tis to be born to *Plato*'s and to *Caſar*;
'Tis to be Great for ever.
'Tis Pleaſure, 'tis Ambition then to dye.
Zan. I think, my Lord, you talk'd of Death.
Alon. I did.
Zan. I give you Joy, then *Leonora*'s Dead?
Alon. No, *Zanga*, no, the greateſt Guilt is mine,
'Tis mine, who might have mark'd his Midnight Viſit,
Who might have mark'd his Tameneſs to reſign her,
Who might have mark'd her ſudden turn of Love.
Theſe and a Thouſand Tokens more; and yet,
For which the Saints abſolve my Soul, did Wed.
Zan. Where does this tend?
Alon. To ſhed a Woman's Blood
Would ſtain my Sword, and make my Wars inglorious;
But juſt Reſentment of my ſelf, bears in it
A Stamp of Greatneſs above vulgar Minds.
He who, ſuperior to the Checks of Nature,

Dares

Dares make his Life the Victim of his Reaſon,
Does in ſome ſort that Reaſon deify,
And take a Flight at Heav'n.
Zan. Alas! My Lord,
'Tis not your Reaſon but her Beauty finds
Thoſe Arguments, and throws you on your Sword.
You cannot cloſe an Eye that is ſo bright,
You cannot ſtrike a Breaſt that is ſo ſoft,
That has Ten Thouſand Extaſies in ſtore
For *Carlos*—No, my Lord, I mean for you.
Alon. Oh! thro' my Heart and Marrow! Pr'ythee ſpare me;
Nor more upbraid the Weakneſs of thy Lord.
I own, I try'd, I quarrell'd with my Heart,
And puſh'd it on, and bid it give her Death;
But Oh! her Eyes ſtruck firſt, and murder'd me.
Zan. I know not what to anſwer to my Lord,
Men are but Men; we did not make our ſelves.
Farewel then, my beſt Lord ſince you muſt die.
O that I were to ſhare your Monument,
And in Eternal Darkneſs cloſe theſe Eyes
Againſt thoſe Scenes which I am doom'd to ſuffer!
Alon. What doſt thou mean?
Zan. And is it then unknown?
O Grief of Heart to think that you ſhould aſk it!
Sure you diſtruſt that Ardent Love I bear you,
Elſe could you doubt when you are laid in Duſt,—
But it will cut my poor Heart thro' and thro'
To ſee thoſe revel on your ſacred Tomb,
Who brought you thither by their lawleſs Loves?
For there they'll revel, and exult to find
Him ſleep ſo faſt, who elſe would marr their Joys.
Alon. Diſtraction! — but *Don Carlos*, well thou know'ſt
Is ſheath'd in Steel, and bent on other Thoughts.
Zan. I'll work him to the Murder of his Friend.
Yet, till the Fever of his Blood returns, [*Aſide.*
While her laſt Kiſs ſtill glows upon his Cheek;
But when he finds *Alonzo* is no more
How will he ruſh like Lightning to her Arms,

There ſigh, there languiſh, there pour out his Soul;
But not in Grief—ſad Obſequies to thee—
But thou wilt be at Peace, nor ſee, nor hear
The burning Kiſs, the Sigh of Extaſie,
Their throbbing Hearts that juſtle one another:
Thank Heav'n, theſe Torments will be all my own.

Alon. I'll eaſe thee of that Pain. Let *Carlos* dye,
O'ertake him on the Road, and ſee it done.
'Tis my Command [*Gives his Signet.*

Zan. I dare not diſobey.

Alon. My *Zanga*, now I have thy Leave to dye.

Zan. Ah Sir! think, think again. Are all Men buried
In *Carlos'* Grave? You know not Womankind.
When once the throbbing of the Heart has broke
The modeſt Zone with which it firſt was try'd,
Each Man ſhe meets will be a *Carlos* to her.

Alon. That thought has more of Hell than had the former
Another, and another, and another!
And each ſhall caſt a Smile upon my Tomb!
I am convinc'd; I muſt not, will not dye.

Zan. You cannot dye; nor can you Murder her.
What then remains? In Nature no Third Way,
But to forget, and ſo to love again.

Alon. Oh!

Zan. If you forgive, the World will call you Good;
If you forget, the World will call you Wiſe;
If you receive her to your Grace again,
The World will call you, very, very kind.

Alon. *Zanga*, I underſtand thee well. She dies,
Tho' my Arm tremble at the Stroke, ſhe dies.

Zan. That's truly Great. What think you 'twas ſet up
The *Greek* and *Roman* Name in ſuch a Luſtre;
But doing Right in ſtern Deſpight to Nature,
Shutting their Ears to all her little Cries,
When Great, Auguſt, and God-like Juſtice call'd?
At *Aulis* one pour'd out a Daughter's Life,
And gain'd more Glory than by all his Wars;
Another ſlew a Siſter in juſt Rage;
A Third, the Theme of all ſucceeding Times,
Gave to the Cruel Ax a darling Son.

Nay

Nay more, for Juſtice ſome devote themſelves,
As he at *Carthage* an Immortal Name!
Yet there is one Step left above them all,
Above their Hiſtory, above their Fable,
A Wife, Bride, Miſtreſs unenjoy'd—do That,
And tread upon the *Greek* and *Roman* Glory. (Brain!
Alon. 'Tis done—again? new Tranſports fire my
I had forgot it, 'tis my Bridal Night.
Friend, give me Joy, we muſt be gay together,
See that the Feſtival be duly honour'd.
And when with Garlands the full Bowl is crown'd
And Muſick gives her elevating Sound,
When golden Carpets ſpread the ſacred Floor,
And a new Day the blazing Tapers pour,
Thou, *Zanga*, thou my ſolemn Friends invite,
From the dark Realms of everlaſting Night,
Call Vengeance, call the Furies, call Deſpair,
And Death our chief-invited Gueſt be there;
He with pale Hand ſhall lead the Bride, and ſpread
Eternal Curtains round our Nuptial Bed.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE. I.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. O Pitiful! O Terrible to Sight! (Wounds
Poor mangled Shade, all cover'd o'er with
And so disguis'd with Blood! who murther'd Thee?
Tell thy sad Tale, and Thou shalt be reveng'd,
Ha! *Carlos*!—Horror! *Carlos*?—Oh away!
Go to thy Grave, or let me sink to mine.
I cannot bear the Sight.—What Sight?—Where am I?
There's nothing here—If this was Fancy's Work,
She draws a Picture strongly.—

Enter Zanga.

Zan. Ha!—You're Pale.
Alon. Is *Carlos* murder'd?
Zan. I obey'd your Order.
Six Ruffians overtook him on the Road;
He fought as he was wont, and four he slew,
Then sunk beneath an hundred Wounds to Death.
His last Breath bleft *Alonzo*, and desir'd
His Bones might rest near Yours.
Alon. O *Zanga*! *Zanga*!—
But I'll not think; for I must act, and thinking
Would ruin me for Action. O the Medley
Of Right and Wrong! the Chaos in my Brain!
He should and should not dye—You should Obey,
And not Obey.—It is a Day of Darkness,
Of Contradictions, and of many Deaths.
Where's *Leonora* then? Quick, answer me;
I'm deep in Horrors, I'll be deeper still.—
I find thy Artifice did take Effect;
And she forgives my late Deportment to her.
Zan. I told her, from your Childhood you was wont
On any great Surprize, but chiefly then
When cause of Sorrow bore it Company,
To have your Passion shake the Seat of Reason,
A momentary Ill, which soon blew o'er

Then

Then did I tell her of *Don Carlos*'s Death,
(Wisely suppressing by what means he fell)
And laid the Blame on that. At first she doubted;
But such the honest Artifice I us'd,
And such her ardent Wish it shou'd be true,
That she at length, was fully satisfy'd.

Alon. 'Twas well she was. In our late Interview,
My Passion so far threw me from my Guard;
Methinks 'tis strange, that, conscious of her Guilt,
She saw not thro' its thin Disguise my Heart.

Zan. But what design you, Sir, and how?

Alon. I'll tell thee.
Thus I've ordain'd it. In the Jessamin Bow'r,
The Place which she dishonour'd with her Guilt,
There will I meet her, the Appointment's made;
And calmly spread (for I can do it now)
The Blackness of her Crime before her Sight,
And then with all the cool Solemnity
Of Publick Justice, give her to the Grave. [Exit.

Zan. Why, get thee gone! Horror, and Night go with thee!
Sisters of *Acheron*, go hand in hand,
Go dance around the Bow'r, and close them in;
And tell them that I sent you to salute them.
Profane the Ground, and for th' Ambrosial Rose,
And Breath of Jessamin, let Hemlock blacken,
And deadly Nightshade poyson all the Air.
For the sweet Nightingale may Ravens Croak,
Toads patit, and Adders rustle thro' the Leaves;
May Serpents winding up the Tyees, let fall
Their hissing Necks upon them from above,
And mingle Kisses—such as I should give them. [Exit.

SCENE *the Bower.*

Leonora *Sleeping.* *Enter* Alonzo.

Alon. Ye Amarinths! Ye Roſes like the Morn!
Sweet Myrtles; and ye Golden Orange Groves
Why do you ſmile? Why do you look ſo fair?
Are you not blaſted as I enter in?
Yes, ſee how every Flow'r lets fall its Head!
How ſhudders every Leaf without a Wind!
How every Green is as the Ivy pale!
Did ever Midnight Ghoſts aſſemble here?
Have theſe ſweet Ecchoes ever learnt to groan?
Joy giving, Love inſpiring, holy Bow'r!
Know, in thy fragrant Boſom thou receiv'ſt
A—Murderer. Oh! I ſhall ſtain thy Lillies,
And Horror will uſurp the Seat of Bliſs.
So Lucifer broke into Paradiſe,
And ſoon Damnation follow'd. [*He advances.*] Ha!
She ſleeps—
The Day's uncommon Heat has overcome her.
Then take, my longing Eyes, your laſt full Gaze.
Oh! What a Sight is here? How dreadful fair!
Who would not think that being innocent?
Where ſhall I ſtrike! Who ſtrikes her, ſtrikes himſelf.
My own Life-Blood will ſtart at her Wound.
O my diſtracted Heart!—O Cruel Heav'n!
To give ſuch Charms as Thoſe, and then call Man,
Poor Man, to be your Executioner.
Was it becauſe it was too hard for you?
But ſee ſhe ſmiles! I never ſhall ſmile more.
It ſtrongly tempts me to a parting Kiſs.
[*Going he ſtarts back.*
Ha! ſmile again? She dreams of him ſhe loves.
Curſe on her Charms! I'll ſtab her thro' them all.
[*As he is going to ſtrike, ſhe wakes.*

Leon. My Lord, your Stay was long, and yonder Lull
Of falling Waters tempted me to Reſt,

Diſ-

Diſpirited with Noon's exceſſive Heat. (Day!
Alon. Ye Pow'rs! with what an Eye ſhe mends the
While they were cloſ'd I ſhould have given the Blow.
O for a laſt Embrace! And then for Juſtice.
Thus Heav'n and I ſhall both be ſatisfy'd.
Leon. What ſays my Lord?
Alon. Why this *Alonzo* ſays.
If Love were endleſs, Men were Gods: 'tis that
Does counter-balance Travel, Danger, Pain——
'Tis Heav'ns Expedient to make mortals bear
The Light, and cheat them of the peaceful Grave.
Leon. Alas! my Lord, why talk you of the Grave?
Your Friend is dead; in Friendſhip you ſuſtain
A mighty Loſs, repair it with my Love. (ſay,
Alon. Thy Love? Thou piece of Witchcraft! I won'd
Thou brighteſt Angel! I could gaze for ever.
Where hadſt thou This? Enchantreſs, tell me, where?
Which with a Touch works Miracles, boils up
My Blood to Tumult, and turns round my Brain!
Ev'n now thou ſwim'ſt before me, I ſhall loſe thee,
No, I will make thee ſure, and claſp thee all,
Who turn'd his ſtender Waiſt with ſo much Art,
And ſhut Perfection in ſo ſmall a Ring?
Who ſpread that pure Expanſe of white above!
On which the dazzled Sight can find no Reſt;
But drunk with Beauty, wanders up and down
For ever, and for ever finds new Charms!
But O thoſe Eyes! Thoſe Murderers! O whence!
Whence didſt thou ſteal their burning Orbs? ſpeak.
Thou didſt, and 'tis Religion to adore them. (Heav'n?
Leon. My beſt *Alonzo*, moderate your Thoughts:
Extreams ſtill fright me, tho' of Love it ſelf.
Alon. Extreams indeed! it hurried me away;
But I come home again——and now for Juſtice——
And now for Death——it is impoſſible!
Sure ſuch were made by Heav'n ſuperlative to Sin,
Or in theſe Guilt to laugh at Puniſhment. [*Aſide.*
I leave her to juſt Heav'n. [*Draws the Dagger.*
Leon. Ha! a Dagger!
What doſt thou ſay, thou Miniſter of Death?

What

What dreadful Tale doſt tell me? Let me think.

Enter Zanga.

Zanga. Death to my tow'ring Hopes! O fall from (high
My cloſe long-labour'd Scheme at once is blaſted.
That Dagger found will cauſe her to enquire,
Enquiry will diſcover all my Hopes
Of Vengeance periſh'd; I my ſelf am loſt—
Curſe on the Coward's Heart! wither his Hand
Which held the Steel in vain! What can be done!—
Where can I fix?—That's ſomething ſtill—t'will breed
Fell Rage, and Bitterneſs betwixt their Souls,
Which may perchance grow up to greater Evil;
If not; 'tis all I can—it ſhall be ſo—

Leon. O *Zanga*! I am ſinking in my Fears.
Alonzo dropt this Dagger as he left me,
And left me in a ſtrange Diſorder too.
What can this mean? Angels preſerve his Life!

Zan. Yours, Madam, yours.

Leon. What, *Zanga*, doſt thou ſay?

Zan. Carry you goodneſs then to ſuch Extreames,
So blinded to the Faults of him you love,
That you perceive not he is jealous?

Leon. Heav'ns!
And yet a Thouſand Things recur that ſwear it.
What Villain could inſpire him with that Thought?
It is not of the Growth of his own Nature.

Zan. Some Villain. Who, Heav'n knows; but he is
jealous,
And 'tis moſt fit a Heart ſo pure as yours
Do it full Juſtice, and aſſert its Honour,
And make him conſcious of his Guilt to Virtue.!

Leon. Jealous! it ſickens at my Heart. Unkind,
Ungenerous, groundleſs, weak, and inſolent!
Why? Wherefore? On what ſhadow of Occaſion?
'Tis Faſcination, 'tis the Wrath of Heav'n
For the celeſtial Crimes of all his Race.
Oh how the Great Men leſſens to my Thought!
How could ſo mean a Vice as Jealouſy,
Unnatural Child of Ignorance and Guilt,
Which preys and feeds upon its Parent's Heart,

Live

Live in a Throng of such exalted Virtues?
I scorn, and hate, yet love him, and adore.
I cannot, will not, dare not, think it true,
Till from himself I know it.
Zan. This succeeds
Just to my Wish. Now she with Violence
Upbraids him. He, well knowing she is guilty,
Rages no less, if on either side
The Waves run high, there still lives Hope of Ruin.
Enter Alonzo.
My Lord.
Alon. O *Zanga*: hold thy Peace, I am no Coward;
But Heav'n it self did hold my Hand; I felt it,
By the Well being of my Soul, I did.
I'll think of Vengeance at another Season.
Zan. My Lord, her Guilt.
Alon. Perdition on thee, *Moor*,
For that one Word! Ah! do not rouse that Thought;
I have o'erwhelm'd it much as possible:
Away then, let us talk of other Things.
I tell thee, *Moor*, I love her to Distraction.
If 'tis my Shame, why be it so—I love her;
Nor can I help it, 'tis impos'd upon me
By some superior and resistless Pow'r.
I could not hurt her to be Lord of Earth;
It shocks my Nature like a Stroke at Heav'n.
Angels defend her, as if Innocent!
But see, my *Leonora* comes!—Be gone. [*Exit Zanga.*
Enter Leonora.
O seen for ever! yet for ever new!
The Conquer'd thou dost Conquer o'er again,
Inflicting Wound on Wound.
Leon. Alas! My Lord,
What need of this to me?
Alon. Ha! dost thou weep?
Leon. Have I no cause?
Alon. If Love is the Concern,
Thou hast no Cause; None ever lov'd like me.
But wherefore this? Is it to break my Heart,
Which costs so much Blood for every Tear?

Leon.

Leon. Is it so tender?
Alon. Is it not? O Heaven!
Doubt of my Love? Why I am nothing else;
It quite absorbs my every other Passion.
O that this one Embrace would last for ever!
Leon. Could this Man ever mean to wrong my Virtue?
Could this Man e'er design upon my Life?
Impossible! I throw away the Thought. [*Aside.*
These Tears declare how much I taste the Joy
Of being folded in your Arms and Heart;
My Universe does lye within that space.
This Dagger bore false Witness.
Alon. Ha! My Dagger?
It rouzes horrid Images. Away,
Away with it; and let us talk of Love.
Plunge our selves deep into the sweet Illusion,
And hide us there from every other Thought.
Leon. It touches you.
Alon. Let's talk of Love.
Leon. Of Death.
Alon. As thou lov'st Happiness
Leon. Of Murder.
Alon. Rash.
Rash Woman, yet forbear.
Leon. Approve my Wrongs!
Alon. Then must I fly for thy sake and my own.
Leon. Why, by any Injuries, you first must hear me:
Stab me, then think it much to hear my Groan?
Alon. Heav'ns strike me deaf!
Leon. It will stay sting you home.
Alon. Alas! Thou quite mistak'st my Cause of Pain.
Yet, yet dismiss me; I am all in Flames. [*Aside.*
Leon. Who has most Cause? You or my self? What
Of my whole Life encourag'd you to this?
Or of your own, what Guilt has drawn it on you?
You find me kind, and think me kind to all:
The worst, ungenerous Error of your Sex.
What could inspire the Thought? we ourselves Judge
From our own Hearts; and is your's them so frail,

It

It prompts you to conceive thus ill of me?
He that can ſtoop to harbour ſuch a Thought,
Deſerves to find it true. [Holding him.
Alon. O Sex, Sex, Sex! [Turning on her.
The Language of you all. Ill-fated Woman!
Why haſt thou forc'd me back into the Gulph
Of Agonies, I had block'd up from Thought?
I know the Cauſe; thou ſaw'ſt me Impotent
E'er while to hurt thee, therefore thou turn'ſt on me;
But by the Pangs I ſuffer, to thy Woe.
For ſince thou haſt replung'd me in my Torture,
I will be ſatisfy'd.
Leon. Be ſatisfy'd!
Alon. Yes thy own Mouth ſhall witneſs it againſt.
I will be ſatisfy'd. [Thee.
Leon. Of what?
Alon. Of what?
How dar'ſt thou aſk that Queſtion? Woman, Woman,
Weak, and falſe'd at once; thus 'tis for ever!
Who told thee that thy Virtue was ſuſpected?
Who told thee I doubted upon thy Tale?
You found the Dagger; but that could have ſpoke;
Nor did I tell Thee; Who did tell thee then?
Guilt, conſcious Guilt.
Leon. This to my Face! O Heav'n!
Alon. [illegible]
Leon. [illegible]
Alon. [illegible]
Leon. [illegible]
Till now I [illegible]
I fought Conv[illegible], and would not believe it.
And doſt thou force me? [illegible]
Thou ſhalt repent this Inſult.
Alon. Madam, Sir,
Your Paſſion's [illegible]
'Tis my Turn now to [illegible]
You, and your Thouſand Arts [illegible]
Leon. Arts?
Alon. Arts. Confeſs; for Deteſt is in my Hand.
Leon. 'Tis in your Words.

Alon.

Alon. Confeſs, Confeſs Confeſs;
Nor tear my Veins with Paſſion to compel thee.
Leon. I ſcorn to anſwer thee, preſumptuous Man!
Alon. Deny then, and incur a fouler Shame.
Where did I find this Picture?
Leon. Ha! *Don Carlos?*
By my beſt Hopes more welcome than thy own,
Alon. I know it! but is Vice ſo very rank,
That thou ſhouldſt dare to daſh it in my Face?
Nature is ſick of thee, abandon'd Woman!
Leon. Repent,
Alon. Is that for me?
Leon. Fall, ask my Pardon.
Alon. Aſtoniſhment!
Leon. Dar'ſt thou perſiſt to think I am diſhoneſt;
Alon. I know thee ſo.
Leon. This Blow then to thy Heart—
(She ſtabs her ſelf, by endeavouring to prevent him)
Alon. Hold, Hold! Murder! Fire! She Bleeds.
Defend me Heaven! Angels to ſave me.
Leon. This is the only Way I could wound Thee.
Tho' guilty ſtill. Now think me guilty ſtill.
Enter Iſabella.
Alon. Bear her to inſtant Help. The World to ſave her!
Leon. Unhappy Man! Well may'ſt thou groan and tremble;
But for thy Terror and Amazement (like;
Not on my Blood; but on thy own Perdition.
What had I done? Whom ſtabb'd? *Leonora.*
Whom thus with Pangs to ſhun Diſhonour ſave her Life;
O Inconſiſtence! Should I live in Shame:
Or ſtoop to any ſelfiſh Means but This,
To ſhun my Virtue? No; for who diſputes,
Tho' it poſſible ſhe might be guilty.
While ought but Death could be my Inducement to it,
While it would look like an Excuſe to Thee,
I ſcorn to ſtain my Innocence;
But now, I let thy Jealouſie know, the Wound
Which bleeds, I feel, is that my Dagger made.
(Iſabella leads out Leonora.
Alon.

Alon. Ha! Was this Woman guilty?—and if not—
How my Thought darkens that way! Grant, kind Heaven
That she prove guilty, or give Being End.
Is that my Hope then?—Sure the sacred Dust
Of her that bore me trembles in its Urn.
Is it in Man the sore Distress to bear,
When hope it self, is blacken'd to Despair,
When all the Bliss I pant for, is to gain
In Hell a Refuge from severer Pain. [*Ex.* Alon.

Enter Zanga.

Zan. How stands the great Account 'twixt me and Vengeance?
Tho' much is paid, yet still it owes me much,
And I will not abate a single Groan.—
Ha! That were well—but That were Fatal too—
Why be it so—Revenge so truly Great
Would come too cheap, if bought with less than Life,
Come Death, come Hell then! 'tis resolv'd, 'tis done.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ah! *Zanga*, see me tremble! has not yet
Thy cruel Heart its fill?—Poor *Leonora*—
Zan. Welters in Blood, and gasps for her last Breath.
What then? We all must dye.
Isab. *Alonzo* raves,
And in the Tempest of his Grief, has thrice
Attempted on his Life. At length disarm'd,
He calls his Friends that have him his worst Foes,
And importunes the Skies for swift Perdition.
Thus in his Storm of Sorrow. After Pause
He started up, and call'd aloud for *Zanga*.
For *Zanga* rav'd; and see he seeks you here,
To learn that Truth, which most he dreads to know.
Zan. Be gone. Now, now, my Soul, consummate all!
[*Ex.* Isab.

Alon. O *Zanga*!
Zan. Do not tremble so; but speak.
Alon. I dare not. [*Falls on him.*
Zan. You will drown me with your Tears.
Alon. Have I not Cause.
Zan. As yet you have no Cause.

Alon.

Alon. Dost thou too rave?
Zan. Your Anguish is to come.
You much have been abus'd.
Alon. Abus'd! By whom?
Zan. To know, were little Comfort.
Alon. Oh! 'twere much.
Zan. Indeed!
Alon. By Heav'n, O give him to my Fury!
Zan. Born for your Life, I live but to oblige you.
Know then, 'twas——I.
Alon. Am I awake?
Zan. For ever,
Thy Wife is guiltless, that's one Transport to me,
And I, I let Thee know it; that's another.
I urg'd *Don Carlos* to resign his Mistress,
I forg'd the Letter, I disposs'd the Picture;
I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy.
Alon. Oh! [Swoons
Zan. Why this is well,——why this is Blow for Blow.
Where are you? Crown me, shadow me with Laurels,
Ye Spirits, which delight in just Revenge!
Let *Mexico* and her gilded Sons go weep,
Let *Africk* and her Hundred Thrones rejoyce.
O my dear Countrymen! Look down, and see,
How I befriend your prostrate Conqueror!
I tread on Monarchy's Ruins, and all her Kings.
But this is slavery, this is my Indulgence,
'Tis Pestle, 'tis Refuge from my Indignation.
I must awake him into Horrors. Hoa!
Alonzo, Hoa! the *Moor* is at the Gate:
Awake, Invincible, Omnipotent!
Thou who dost all subdue.
Alon. Inhuman Slave!
Zan. Fall'n Christian, thou mistak'st my Character.
Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou say'st,
The *Moor*, a Slave, an abject, beaten Slave,
(Eternal Woes to him that made me so.)
But look again. Has six Years cruel Bondage
Extinguish'd Majesty so far, that nought
Shines here, to give an Awe of one above thee?

When

When the great *Moorish* King *Abdalla* fell,
Fell by thy Hand accurst, I fought fast by him,
His Son, tho' thro' his Footsteps in Disguise,
Less to expose me to th' Ambitious Foe.
Ha! does it awake thee? O'er my Father's Corse
I stood astride, till I had clove thy Crest,
And then was made the Captive of a Squadron,
And sunk into thy Servant.——But Oh! what?
What were my Wages! Hear nor Heav'n, nor Earth
My Wages were a Blow, by Heav'n, a Blow,
And from a Mortal Hand.

Alon. O Villain! Villain!

Zan. All Strife is vain. [*Shewing a Dagger.*

Alon. Is thus my Love return'd?
Is this my Recompence? Make Friends of Tyrants!
Lay not your Young, O Mother's on the Breast
For fear they turn to Serpents as they lye,
And pay you for their Nourishment with Death.
Carlos is dead, and *Leonora* dying;
Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me.
That Heav'nly Maid, which should have liv'd for ever,
At least have gently slept her Soul away;
Whose Life should have shut upon Evening Flow'rs
At the departing Sun——Was Murder'd! slaughter'd!
O Suicide! O Guilt! O Horror! O Damnation!
O Punishment! Had Satan never fell,
Hell had been made for me.—— O *Leonora*!

Zan. Must I despise Thee too as well as have Thee?
Complain of Grief? Complain thou art a Man.
Priam from Fortune's lofty Summit fell,
Great *Alexander* 'midst his Conquests mourn'd,
Heroes and Demi-gods have known their Sorrows,
Cæsar have wept, and I have had my Blow:
But 'tis reveng'd, and now my Work is done.
Yet, e'er I fall, be it one part of Vengeance,
To make ev'n Thee confess that I am just.
Thou seest a Prince, whose Father thou hast slain,
Whose Native Country thou hast laid in Blood,
Whose Sacred Person, Oh, thou hast prophan'd!
Whose Reign extinguish'd; What was left to me

So

So highly born! No Kingdom, but Revenge;
No Treasure, but thy Tortures, and thy Groans,
If Men shall ask thee who brought thee to thy End,
Tell them, The *Moor*, and they will not despise thee;
If cold white Mortals censure this great Deed,
Warn them, they judge not of superior Beings
Souls made of Fire, and Children of the Sun,
With whom Revenge is Virtue. Fare thee well——
Now fully satisfy'd I should take Leave;
But one Thing grieves me, since thy Death is near,
I leave thee my Example how to dye.

[*As he is going to stab himself,* Alonzo *rushes upon him to prevent him. In the mean Time,* Enter Alvarez *attended. They disarm and seize* Zanga. Alonzo *puts the Dagger in his Bosom.*

Alon. No, Monster, thou shalt not escape by Death!
Oh Father!

Alon. O *Alonzo*——*Isabella*,
Touch'd with Remorse to see her Mistress Pangs;
Told all the Dreadful Tale.

Alon. What Groans was that?

Zan. As I have been a Visitor to thy Heart,
So will I be a Flower to thine Eye,
And true as ever stanch'd the Scent of Blood,
As ever slept its heavy Wing against
The Window of the Sick, and croak'd Despair.
Thy Wife is dead.

[Alvarez *goes to the Side of the Stage, and returns.*

Alv. The dreadful News is true.

Alon. Prepare the Rack, invent new Torments for him.

Zan. This too is well. The fix'd and noble Mind
Turns all Occurrence to its own Advantage,
And I'll make Vengeance of Calamity.
Were I not thus reduc'd, thou would'st not know,
That thus reduc'd, I dare defy thee still.
Torture Thou may'st; but thou shall ne'er despise me.
The Blood will follow where the Knife is driven,
The Flesh will quiver where the Pincers tear,

And

And Sighs and Cries by Nature grow on Pain.
But those are foreign to the Soul; Not mine
The Groans that issue, or the Tears that fall;
They disobey me; On the Rack I scorn Thee,
As when my Fauchion clove thy Helm in Battle.

Alv. Peace, Villain!

Zan. While I live, Old Man, I'll speak,
And, well I know Thou dar'st not kill me yet;
For that would rob thy Bloodhounds of their Prey.

Alon. Who call'd *Alonzo?*

Alv. No one call'd, my Son,

Alon. Again! 'tis *Carlos*'s Voice, and I obey:
Oh how I laugh at all that This can do,
[*Shewing the Dagger.*
The Wounds that pain'd, the Wounds that murder'd me
Were giv'n before; I am already dead,
This only marks my Body for the Grave.
[*Stabs himself.*
Africk, Thou art reveng'd——O *Leonora!*——
[*Dies.*

Zan. Good Ruffians give me Leave, my Blood is yours,
The Wheel's prepar'd, and you shall have it all;
Let me but look one Moment on the Dead,
And pay your selves with gazing on my Pangs,
[*He goes to* Alonzo's *Body.*
Is this *Alonzo?* Where's his haughty Mein?
Is that the Hand which smote me? Heav'ns, how pale!
And art thou dead? So is my Enmity.
I war not with the Dust: the Great, the Proud,
The Conqueror of *Africk* was my Foe.
A Lion preys not upon Carcasses,
This was thy only Method to subdue me.
Terror and Doubt fall on me, all thy Good
Now blazes, all thy Guilt is in the Grave,
Never had Man such Funeral Applause;
If I lament thee, sure thy Worth was Great.
Oh Vengeance! I have follow'd thee too far,
And to receive me, Hell blows all her Fires.
[*He is born off.*

Alv.

Alv. Dreadful Effect of Jealousy! a Rage,
In which the Wise with Caution will engage;
Reluctant long, and tardy to believe,
Where sway'd by Nature we our selves deceive
Where our own Folly joins the Villain's Art,
And each Man finds a *Zanga* in his Heart.

The End of the Fifth Act.

EPILOGUE.

OUR Author sent me, in an humble Strain,
To beg you'd bless the Offspring of his Brain:
And I your Proxy, promis'd in your Name,
The Child shou'd live, at least six Days of Fame,
I like the Brat, but still his Faults can find,
And by the Parent's Leave, will speak my Mind.
Gallants, pray tell me, do you think 'twas well,
To let a willing Maid lead Apes in Hell? ——
You nicer Ladies, shou'd you think it Right,
To eat no Supper——on your wedding Night?
shou'd English *Husbands dare to starve their Wives,*
Be sure they'd lead most Comfortable Lives!
But he loves Mischief, and with Groundless Fears,
Wou'd fain set loving Couples by the Ears;
Wou'd spoil the tender Husbands of our Nation,
By teaching them his Vile, Outlandish Fashion:
But we've been taught in our good-natur'd Clime,
That Jealousy, tho' Full, is still a Crime,
And will be still [for not to blame the Plot,]
That same Alonzo *was a stupid Sot;*
To kill a Bride, a Mistress unenjoy'd;
Twere some Excuse, had the poor Man been cloy'd:
To kill her on Suspicion, e'er he knew
Whether the heinous Crime were false or true.——
The Priest said Grace, she met him in the Bower,
In Hopes she might anticipate an Hour.—
Love was her Errand, but the hot-brain'd Spaniard,
Instead of Love—produc'd—a filthy Poniard.—
Had he been Wise, at this their private Meeting,
The Proof o'th 'Pudding had been in the Eating.
Madam had then been pleas'd, and Don *contented,*
And all this Blood and Murder been prevented.
Britons, be Wise, and from this sad Example,
Ne'er break a Bargain, but first take a Sample.

FINIS.